

The TATLER

Vol. CXVII. No. 1522.

London, August 27, 1930

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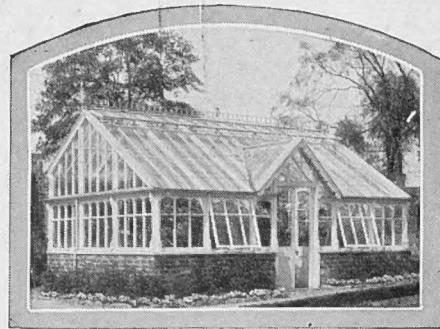
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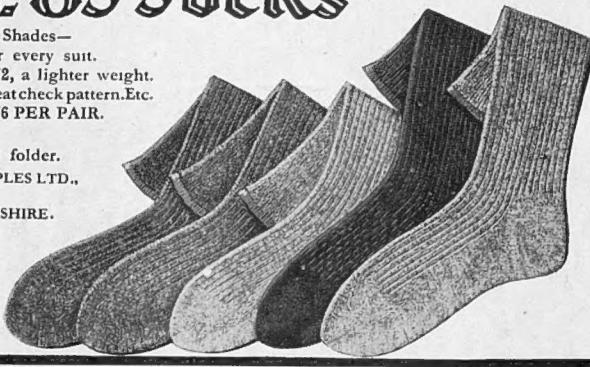
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The TATLER

Vol. CXVII. No. 1522. London, August 27, 1930

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LADY JEAN MACKINTOSH AND HER DAUGHTERS

Lady Jean Mackintosh is the elder of the two daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, and was married in 1927 to Mr. Charles Mackintosh, who is a Scottish Rugger International. Her younger sister is Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, and was married in Salisbury Cathedral on February 1 this year to Mr. James Drummond-Hay, the eldest son of the late Colonel G. A. G. R. Drummond-Hay and of Mrs. Drummond-Hay of Seggleden, Perth. The Duke of Hamilton is the Premier Duke of Scotland and Hereditary Keeper of Holyrood Palace, and the Duchess is one of the daughters of Major R. M. Poore, who was in the 7th Hussars Polo team when it won the Indian Inter-Regimental, at the same time as the late Lord Haig

The Letters of Eve



Arthur Owen

A RECENT HOUSE-PARTY AT COWDRAY PARK

A house-party which Lord and Lady Cowdray gave before last Monday's wedding of their second daughter, the Hon. Angela Pearson, to Mr. George Anthony Murray, who as the only son of Sir Evelyn Murray may some day be Duke of Atholl. The wedding took place at St. Mary's, Easebourne, which is just outside the gates of Cowdray Park. Included in the above group are: Lord and Lady Cowdray, Lieut.-Colonel H. S. Ashton, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Vivian Lockett and their son, the Hon. John Pearson, the Hon. Beryl, the Hon. Angela, and the Hon. Brenda Pearson, and Lieut.-Colonel T. P. Melvill, who, like Colonel Lockett, was one of that all-conquering 17th Lancers polo team.

GROSVENOR SQUARE.

FOR your information, please.—This curt enjoinder, so beloved of officialdom, demands your attention, my dear, to the intelligence I mean to impart. Socially, the events of the week in London were Mrs. Dudley Coats' wedding to Mr. Marshall Field and Talulah's new play (of which more anon), with film version to match.

The first marriage ceremony occurred very early in the morning, followed later by a service in a City church. The crowd, which took a friendly interest in both proceedings, developed an almost embarrassing size, but genuine evidence of popularity was shown by personal friends of the bride and bridegroom. They took the trouble to attend at a time when country pursuits, remote from London, are so variously enticing, thereby supplying an unsolicited testimonial, as the advertisements say.

Leicestershire was particularly interested, as Mrs. Marshall Field has hunted there for several seasons, with her home country of the Pytchley as alternative. Looking at her on a horse, wearing, among other things, a top hat, one wonders why the dull and unbeautiful bowler has superseded it on so many heads.



Arthur Owen

IN "THE ISLAND": LORD BROCAS, LADY MYRTLE.
AND LADY PRUDENCE JELlicoE

In the garden of Lord and Lady Jellicoe's house, St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight. Lord Brocas is the only son and heir, and was born in 1918. Lady Myrtle is Lord and Lady Jellicoe's second daughter and Lady Prudence the youngest, and the whole family were at Cowes during Regatta week.

However that didn't affect the wedding, but Lady Blandford did, because she looked so nice.

Major Charlie Clarke, another well-wishing witness, was, as usual, equal to the occasion, and Mrs. Macindoe looked cool and lovely as only grey hair and a young face can succeed in doing. Her serene appearance does not suggest that she is the most active managing director of the big firm of builders and decorators which she founded. Lady Howe and Lady Kathleen Rollo are on a different level as far as inches go, but both were a joy to look at.

* * *

Now for the new play which is the latest vehicle of Miss Bankhead's charms. She got the usual rapturous reception from her faithful claque of gallery girls. Their attitude has nothing to do with the merits of the play itself, about which varied opinions will, no doubt, be passed from the proper quarters. The stalls had many august occupants in spite of its being August. (I know that is an indefensible remark, but hurry on to tell you who were attracted by this first night.) In the front row sat Princess Wiamsky with her father, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, who has evidently succumbed to the prevailing mode of growing the hair.

Lady Colefax was there with Cecil Beaton and Lady du Maurier with Lilian Braithwaite, who is off to America to play in *Symphony in Two Flats*, and thereafter perhaps to Hollywood for talkies.

I supped at the Savoy Grill, which, no matter how unseasonable the season, is always a hive of interesting bees. There, observation was rewarded by Margaret Bannerman and her husband, Tony Prinsep, Albert de Courville, and Mr. Sterling of Columbia Gramophones (looking quite cheerful in spite of the slump in shares), and Geoffrey Toye; the latter is just off to India with Sir Victor Sassoon as a sort of extra secretary to the Indian Labour Commission. Sir Sefton Brancker, Auriol Lee, and Ronald Squire must also be added to my list of noteworthy persons.

* * *

The "Grande Semaine" at Deauville! What an Arabian night sound that has, but if you would experience its glories, be warned in time and do not be lured by specious promises of a direct route from London. It is tedious to a degree, consisting of one train and two boats of a sort, which ultimately let you down in every sense of the words on to a pier. This structure, of infinite length, is fictitiously reputed to measure a mile. The planks are cunningly arranged to capture your heels at every step, and it would not be surprising if the survivors of this tiresome journey sank shoeless into the bumpy hotel bus. This, the last stage, is almost worse than the first owing to its springless state, therefore the longest way round, namely, via Paris, succeeds in being the shortest way there.

However, once installed, the hotel is comfort itself, and not more depleting to the purse than any other *endroit de saison*. Talking of money, one has a feeling of living in a gold mine; most of the perennial visitors of either sex look rich beyond one's wildest dreams—some might well feature in nightmares too—and three-quarters of them really are abnormally affluent. I suppose this impression is more noticeable after the eternal plaint in London of "I'm broke," which has become a sometimes unjustified refrain.

* * *

Polo and racing proceed almost perpetually, and the sales are always assured of an audience, for they are held in the most lovely *de luxe* surroundings—a circular garden bright with flowers, with seats round the ring and a cocktail bar in close attendance.



Bassano
MANY HAPPY RETURNS: MR. DON BRADMAN

The wonder batsman of Australia is twenty-two this week—this figure being the lowest score of which he has been guilty so far! He has broken seven records, and his double-century test match scores v. England are, three of them—254 at Lord's, 344 at Leeds, and 232 at the Oval. He also, of course, easily collars the highest aggregate for a Test series, 974, beating W. R. Hammond's 905 for England in the 1928-29 tour in Australia

This year's percentage of celebrities is smaller than usual, and they were most of them to be found at a luncheon party given by Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth. There was Lady Michelham in great form, Mr. Montferato, a young and super-sheikh from Egypt, Prince Ali Khan, Count Guy de Rothschild, and Lady Cunard, who arrived rather more than half-way through luncheon convinced that she had the right time and everyone else was wrong.

I always admire this hostess of international repute. She is so "simpatica"—if she approves of you—very *chic* and always amusing. But she only likes people who have some claim to justify their existence, the ability to suffer fools being an accomplishment she despises.

Who else shall I tell you about? The Aga Khan was one of the hosts of the week, the dinner-party he gave for his son being an enormous affair. Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten have their elder daughter, Patricia, with them this year, and there is a surprisingly large contingent of French people, among them the Murats and the Rothschilds. People seem to go to Deauville weather or no, and the place is packed despite the ceaselessly moaning wind and demi-glacé atmosphere which has been its portion just lately.

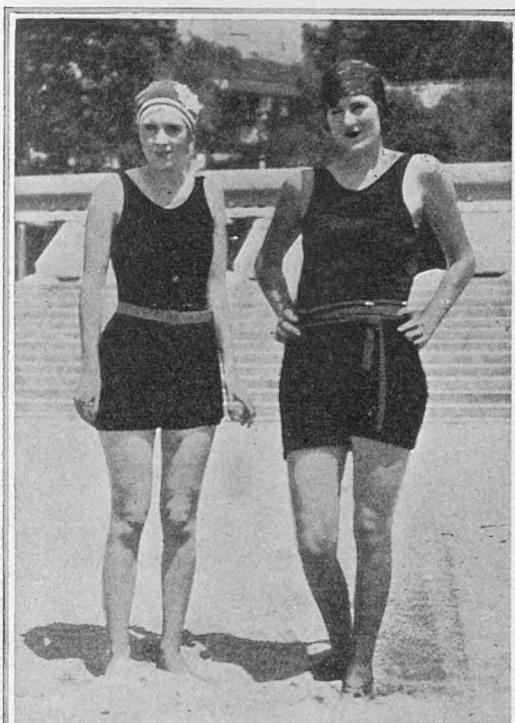
* * *

My news from the Riviera is red-hot, as the thermometer seems to be doing the right thing there, and Cannes, Antibes, and Juan-les-Pins dead-heat for the prize of popularity. The verb is apt at the hour of the siesta, for basking bodies lie about in motionless groups. But you will be wrong if you fancy their owners will be done brown. That isn't at all "the thing" this year, Lily Lotion being the proper dressing for last summer's mixed grill.

Trousers are of major interest, but this simple and homely word does not begin to describe the varieties which abound. Most of them are becoming, though one is apt to judge their beauty by that of their wearer. On this basis the royal blue suiting which Lady Ashley's sister wears looks the best possible shape. Lady Ashley is expected herself, Scotland permitting, and no doubt will produce something original in this line for the benefit of Antibes.

* * *

Lord and Lady Milford Haven have just torn themselves away and Miss Gertrude Lawrence's departure made a lamentable gap, only partially filled by Mr. "Babe" Barnato. The new speed-boat imported by this most



AT MONTE: LADY URSLA FILMER-SANKEY AND MISS BARBARA REISS

In the sun, on the sand, and away from our Test cricket weather in the Blessed British Isles. Major and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey had been holiday-making at Monte before the cubbing operations call him home to South Notts, where he is the Joint Master of that pack. Miss Barbara Reiss is one of the daughters of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Alexander Reiss



AT NORTH BERWICK: LADY LUCAN AND THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN

Lord and Lady Lucan's elder son, Lord Bingham, who is a captain in the Coldstream, was married last December to Miss Kaitlin Dawson. The Duchess of Abercorn is Lord Lucan's sister

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

moving spirit has an alarming appearance of power and barely touches the water when trying its best. Major Jack Coats and the Ranee of Pudakota also favour this hasty means of progression.



LADY ABINGDON AT MONTE

Just before she left for that other delectable and sunny spot, the Lido. Lady Abingdon, who was married in 1928, was Miss Elizabeth Stuart-Wortley, and is the daughter of the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Stuart-Wortley. Her father is an uncle of the Earl of Wharncliffe

lights as Mr. Somerset Maugham, Mr. Gilbert Frankau, and Captain Harwood the playwright. His wife, Miss Tennyson Jesse, needs no introduction by me as a redoubtable scribe. Mr. Phillips Oppenheim is a permanent inhabitant of a villa on the Côte d'Azur, but just at present is away for a change of air.

* * *

I went down the other day to Rowfant in Sussex, the delightful old house which the Godfrey Locker-Lampsons have let to Mrs. George Cohen. I had not been there for years, and isn't it curious, by the way, how the big buildings remembered from youthful days seem to shrink when reviewed by maturer eyes?

Our hostess, not content with having a daughter numbered among the rising British composers under the name of Guirne Creith, is herself an exceedingly versatile person, and defeated one and all who were rash enough to challenge her skill at chess and billiards.

Sussex certainly encourages musicians, and we went over to see young Ivor Newton in his oak-beamed cottage. He was just back from a busman's holiday in Bayreuth and gave us a vivid and moving description of the private memorial concert to Siegfried Wagner conducted by Toscanini.

Mrs. Claude Beddington, or "Mother B," as she calls herself, apparently embraced all Bayreuth and its temporary population in her maternal management. Since then she has transferred her activities to Salzburg, where she and Queen Marie of Rumania have been shepherding the disciples of Reinhardt.

* * *

Intelligence comes from South Wales of a most successful cricket week organized by Major Lyttelton and officers of the Welch Regiment stationed at the Dépôt at Cardiff. It was a new venture, embarked on rather diffidently, but the chances of its becoming an annual fixture are good.

Cannes can boast of the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Leith and Miss Maxine Elliott, also Mr. and Mrs. Lewisohn, who, not content with having the entire Mediterranean at their disposal, have commanded some of the sea-water to make a private swimming pool.

Lawn tennis is the chief active exercise practised in this latitude. For this game shorts of the utmost brevity are often worn, adding, paradoxically, to comfort and freedom.

A book maker's ring, which has nothing to do with Tattersall's, is made up of such literary

The team consisted of past and present members of the regiment, and the opposing elevens included St. Fagan's, captained by Lord Plymouth, the Monmouthshire R.E. under the command of Colonel Morgan Lindsay, and the redoubtable South Wales Hunts Cricket Club. This latter encounter was one of the at home matches and large numbers of people accepted invitations to watch it. It presented a pretty stiff proposition for the Welch Regiment, but they were only beaten by a moderate margin, in spite of the fact that while they were batting Mr. J. C. Clay, the Glamorganshire bowler, was in action almost continuously.

Lest feminine spectators found persistent onlooking a trifle tedious, a rifle-shooting competition had been arranged for their alternative amusement. This form of bull-baiting proved most popular, the participants revealing not only a commendable steadiness under fire, but a hitherto unsuspected capacity for going straight to the point. Miss O'Callaghan was the ultimate winner, with Mrs. Pemberton Steer, the wife of the ex-Master of the Llangibby, a good second. Mrs. Gerald Bruce also showed great enthusiasm for what was to her quite a new sport. However, she had an eye to the cricket, too, for her son-in-law, Sir Geoffrey Byass, was playing.

* * *

Mrs. Traherne brought her son and pretty daughter Mary from Codarhydlyn (and if you can pronounce this you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din). The Rickards from Ynys were there, and so were Colonel Morgan-Owen, who commands the 160th Infantry Brigade; Captain Lionel Lindsay, Glamorganshire's Chief Constable; and Mr. Bobby Williams, the Master of the Glamorganshire Hounds, and his wife. Major and Mrs. Brewis were staying with the Lytteltons for the week, Major Brewis being a member of the regimental team. Mrs. Brain had two sons in the opposing eleven and her usual friendly smile for everyone. An important personality who was taking his duties as host very seriously was His Goatship Taffy, the regimental mascot, who had come specially from Gosport.

* * *

The good news from Glamis has just reached me. Legend has it that happiness attends a baby born at Glamis, and that this should be the birthright of the young Princess is the heartfelt wish of—Yours ever, EVE.

An Apology.

In our issue of July 2 last we published a photograph which we described as being of Mrs. Humphrey Butler. We are informed that this description is incorrect, and that the photograph is of Mrs. Noel Francis. We wish to express our deep regret for this misdescription and for any annoyance and inconvenience caused thereby.



MRS. E. E. WILLS

An Antibes snapshot in the sun. Mrs. Wills was formerly Miss Sylvia Ogden, and her husband, Mr. Ernest Wills, Scots Guards, is the son and heir of Sir Ernest Wills, Bt., who is an enthusiastic and successful owner

AS SEEN BY THE CAMERA



LADY LEVER

Yevonde

Eva Barrett, Rome
PRINCESS CHRISTOPHER OF GREECE



THE HON. ROSEMARY DAWSON AND JAPIZAH

Marian Lewis

The beautiful wife of Prince Christopher of Greece was formerly Princess Françoise de Guise, and is the daughter of the Duke and Duchess de Guise. Her marriage took place in the spring of last year at the Palazzo Orleans, Palermo. Lady Lever, the widow of Mr. Lindsay Goodwin's daughter, was the widow of Mr. Cecil Parker when she married Sir Tresham Lever in April. Her husband, who is a barrister of the Inner Temple, and also a publisher, unsuccessfully contested South Hackney at the last election, and intends standing again. Sir Tresham and Lady Lever have a house at Sunningdale, but are contemplating acquiring a property in Norfolk. Miss Rosemary Dawson, the attractive seventeen-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Dawson of Penn, is a Saluki enthusiast, and herself possesses an admirable specimen of this ancient race. Lord Dawson, who has been Physician-in-Ordinary to the King since 1914, was made a Privy Councillor last year in recognition of his skilled and devoted work during His Majesty's illness.

The Cinema : JAMES AGATE

Some Trade Shows

A PROFESSOR at the Guildhall School of Music has recently been wise and witty on the subject of chamber music. "There are no bad string-quartets," he has said. "Thousands are written, but they quietly disappear." This is a subtle and curious truth. The bad painter finds a gullible purchaser, and his daubs are hung in the chambers of the hopeful. Bad novels and poor poetry cumber our tables and strain our shelves—immortal as good paper, fine printing, and firm binding can make them. So too in music's lesser forms; bad operas, a century old, are still first favourites in every town on the touring opera-company's circuit. The ill-fashioned play, short of disappearing, is the only variety in demand, and it is the dramatic masterpiece which has to risk vanishing into the limbo of the unperformed. The artist may be obliged to find his reward in his endeavour. If he be a composer and likes starving, he will aim at string-quartet perfection, an aim in which he knows that not a penny-piece will fall his way. If he be a talkie-maker he may or may not make a fortune; but he is at the least assured of an audience, if only one audience. For what other reason does the trade-show exist? The talkie as an art-form is in many respects different from the string-quartet. There are innumerable bad talkies; thousands are written, and alas! not one of them quietly disappears. Each, in fact, comes to be duly announced as an All-Talking Tornado of Human Emotions or as an All-Singing Sex-Appeal Show of Super-Sirens which you are privately privileged to view either half-an-hour after midnight or at eleven sharp on the wettest morning of the week. There are, it is true, some few private theatres where you may witness new films at a normal and convenient time of day; but for the most part the Tornado blows and the Sirens appeal at hours when one ought to be going to bed or just having one's breakfast.

Perhaps the artist responsible for *The Vagabond Queen*, a British film which was trade-shown at the Regal last week, was impeded in his æsthetic aim by the necessity enforced on him of exploiting—to use a horrid unavoidable word—the popular talents of Miss Betty Balfour. This he did in a highly elaborate and fantastical story wherein Miss Balfour passed from Bloomsbury slavey to Balkan Princess in her accustomed Squibs manner of irrepressible Cockney in opulent surroundings. The tale was often tedious in the telling and the direction heavy-handed where it ought to have been airy. Nor does the theme bear so much insistence; custom stalest it, and its variety is by no means infinite. Even in the early scenes in the Bloomsbury boarding-house there was recourse to the humours of tomato-fights and of the difficulty of concealing a coffee-pot on one's person. The crowd scenes in Bolonia were very well done, and the castles and fortresses of that country were much less like cardboard than those we are accustomed to see invaded by ant-like hordes in spectacular and fabulously expensive American productions. The film had one joyous moment, when in the coronation procession the bottom fell out of the Princess's chariot and she was obliged to run in pace with the horses. Mr. Ernest Thesiger was amusing throughout as a bungling diplomat. Perhaps Mr. Glen Byam Shaw requires Strindberg and the legitimate stage to do himself justice. He is of the order of actors who find themselves only in a great dramatist, and there was no place in this nonsense for this sensitive player's quality of importunacy. His acting was cautious and uneasy, and he was certainly as unlike the starving inventor of the early scenes as he was unlike the Princess's companion in the later episodes. This actor has not in any case, I suggest, one inch of comedy in his composition, being on the whole about as funny as Keats; and his part, without the comedy which some actors might have discovered in it, was pure sawdust. *The Vagabond Queen* was accompanied by some tinned music, more especially by some tinned Handel in the form of an ingenious perversion of the March in *Judas Macca bæus*. The morning's business, or entertainment, began with a film of the Berg-Chocolate Fight. There has been much controversy with regard to the true result of this encounter, and unfortunately the film does not do much to pluck the heart out of the mystery. The lighting, at least when I saw the film, was so feeble that it was nearly always difficult to tell which was the brown boxer and which the white. Indeed the general smudginess of the photography took us back to the cinema circa 1910.

By
JAMES AGATE

The heroine of *Call of the West*, an American talkie which was trade-shown at the Palace last week, was the very nonpareil of nitwits. She was a Broadway star at the beginning of the story with a song called "Sittin' on a Rainbow," which she delivered incomparably. I use the word advisedly. There is nothing to which one could possibly compare the voice with which Miss Violet La Tour "knocked

Broadway flat," as the dainty star's proud and protective manager declared. To call the voice metallic would be a scandal on metallurgy. However, the young lady was good to her maid who had an ailing husband, and was rude to kind gentlemen with necklaces. So our sympathies were besought when she fell ill as a consequence of swimming by starlight, and when she was eventually reduced to touring in what she elegantly described as "bum road shows." It was in one such, in the heart of Texas, that Violet came across a hick or hayseed, who, when she fainted at the stage-door, caught her in his strong arms and carried her to his ranch, where the sturdy cow-girl, who was his mother, soon nursed her back to the lung-power requisite for "Sittin' on a Rainbow." The rest of the film was devoted to Miss La Tour's tergiversations between phthisis, the call of the boards, and the call of the West, especially as typified in the inarticulate hick. A marriage was arranged, and indeed almost performed, but that the bridegroom inconsiderately rushed off before the ceremony was over because his cattle were being stolen. Miss La Tour could not be brought, even by the matronly cow-girl, to see the reasonableness of this, and declared that if marriage was not regarded in those parts as a more serious and sacred thing than the paltry punching of cows she would none of it. So she took train to New York, where one of the gentlemen assured her when she was sighing for the West—"Those dear blue mountains, 'cept when they're purple!" she cooed incredulously—that the hick obviously didn't care for her or he would have written. Would she, then, care to accept his little gift of a necklace? And the West arrived in the nick of time to still our trembling! Among recent films at the regular cinemas the most satisfying of a poor lot has been *The Big Pond* at the Carlton. In this Mr. Maurice Chevalier may be said to excel himself, and Miss Claudette Colbert gives an entrancing performance. Play-goers will not need to be reminded of Miss Colbert's artistry in *The Barker* two years ago at the Playhouse. I said on that occasion that this artist was as pretty as three film stars put together, and could obviously act the heads off the entire screen population of Los Angeles. But I despair of her success; she has the fatal quality of intelligence.



DOROTHY JORDAN

One of the prettiest of the film's young brigade and a future star, so they predict, in some of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions

PLAYERS who PLEASE



NORA SWINBURNE AND HER SMILE

Miss Swinburne has lately returned from adding to her reputation in America and in due course her charming face will be seen in the film version of "Caste," Robertson's famous comedy, first produced in London in 1867. Owen Nares, who now plays Raymond Massey's original part in "The Man in Possession," has helped to make a good picture of "The Middle Watch." Red-haired Miss Logan comes from Texas, is an ex-Ziegfeld Folly, and has had big parts in many films.



L. Brattie
SAILORS DO CARE: OWEN NARES AND JACQUELINE LOGAN IN "THE MIDDLE WATCH" (FILM VERSION)



DUE FOR "CHARLOT'S MASQUERADE": BEATRICE LILLIE



Sasha
BINNIE HALE AS HERSELF

Bobbie Hale's brilliant daughter thoroughly deserved the holiday she gave herself after playing in "Mr. Cinders" for over a year. She is now hard at work again rehearsing the principal rôle in "Nippy," a new musical comedy which is to be given a preliminary run in Edinburgh next month before coming to the West End. Miss Beatrice Lillie, whom London, to its great delight, has at last wrested from the clutches of American producers to play in her own country, is the enormous attraction of "Charlot's Masquerade," with which the new Cambridge Theatre opens its doors on September 4.



OFF TO YORK: CAPTAIN A. STANLEY WILSON

No colours (white and green sleeves) are better known in the north than Captain Arthur Stanley Wilson's. He is the eldest son of the late Mr. Arthur Wilson of Tranby Croft, and married a daughter of the late Sir Edmund Filmer, Bt.

on whose care and watchfulness often depends his longevity. What a lesson in thought for others, selflessness and even dumbness might with advantage be absorbed from the gentle hinds—but enough of impossible moralizing.

The tapestry method of destroying deer is now obsolete, largely due to the difficulty of obtaining white carthorses able to go upsides with a stag in a modern forest, which for the benefit of the uninitiated is so called owing to its being as a rule completely treeless.

Driving began to go out of favour after that regrettable incident in the New Forest when Sir Walter Tyrell, either from shooting down the line or mistaking his crimson monarch for a roe, rubbed out William Rufus. The "Field" of the day advanced theories of ricochets, warped arrows, etc., which saved Sir Walter's life, but probably this affair led to the birth of stalking. In most forests, owing to the essential knowledge of the ground and wind, this is done by a professional who hands a rifle to the host or guest to shoot the beast when stalked. Generally born and bred on the place, the stalker in addition, especially in the smaller forests, will know and name every stag on the ground.

The procedure is as follows. Lord Edward wishes you, who are staying with him, to get a stag next day, and sends for the head stalker, who brings his list with him and goes through it rather in the manner of a stud-groom arranging a string of hunters for the week.

"What about Darkie for Lord Bobs to-morrow?"

"Na, na, he's no clean yet."

"Well, Sandy, then?"

"A' wanted him second for you, Friday, Lord Edward."

"How about MacTavish?"

"You stalked him Tuesday and he'll be running up light. We'll just take Davy. He'll do a whole day for his lordship."

Woken at 7.30 next morning by the piper walking round the house, a *reveillé* which in all these hundreds of years modern science has hardly improved on with the pneumatic road-breaker, you are on the hill spying by 9.30 a.m. In a short time the stalker will pick up some beats about three miles away, looking

RACING RAGOUT

By "Guardrail"

At this season of the year a few words on the shooting of deer may not come amiss, this being at the same time one of the best and *the most* ancient of sports.

The "stag party" of to-day is so called from the leading traits of that most noble animal, shyness and sagacity, and it is these characteristics which makes the sport what it is. In addition the safety and protection of the stag is ever uppermost in the minds of his girl friends

his longevity.

about as big as cheese mites, and assuring himself that Davy is one of them, he closes his glass with a snap and strides off at eight miles an hour with yourself faint, but pursuing in rear. After crossing two or three burns as too shallow for his purpose, he will cross a deep one himself and, like Sergeant Himmelstross with his recruits, order you to lie down for your life when only half-way across. For the remainder of the stalk he will precede you on all fours through miles of the most lovely country in the world. Precipitous cliffs, dark, sombre corries, and towering peaks with little thread-like falls cascading down their sides, all this scenery is outside your ken. Your leader being built on the generous lines of "Hurry On," to follow, your view is restricted practically the entire day to a concentrated study of a Scotchman *au fond*. For this reason it is as well while spying in the morning to memorize the stalker's inscrutable face and so save yourself the embarrassing position of a friend of mine who, having omitted to do so, was obliged when tipping at the end of his stay to scrutinize the seat of each man's breeches to ensure giving his donation aright.

All this time the stalker has been making for a selected spot under cover for the shot, and your arrival at this place is conveyed to you by butting your leader on to his face and receiving a kick under the chin, when he stops.

This is where you have to take up the running, and the rifle is drawn from its case and placed in your numbed hands with instructions to wait till they get up and then take the big, dark stag. Slowly you claw your way forward the last twenty yards to the crest, pushing the rifle in front of you. Surely no single-cylinder heart

can go the revolutions yours is without coming off the bed-plates. Lie still a moment, catch your wind, and let your heart steady up. Gradually, ever so gradually, you raise your head; nothing in sight. Slowly up on to your elbows; still nothing. The little hollow where they were feeding is empty. Davy wasn't born yesterday, and looks like living longer than tomorrow. He may have been put away by a hare you moved, or your method of carrying your tail like a squirrel four feet above your head when you thought you were crawling flat may have caught his eye, but Davy has been there before and has hooked it a couple of miles like he was

haunted.



COLONEL W. F. STORY

Another well-known northern owner. Colonel Story trains with Captain C. F. Elsey at Malton, Yorks. Colonel Story formerly commanded the 3rd Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry



LADY DE TRAFFORD WITH THE HON. PERCY THELLUSSON,
MAJOR AND MRS. MURRAY-GRAHAME, AND MAJOR BOUCH

Forces for Courses

Society on the Gleneagles Hotel Links



LADY CURZON, SIR MATHEW WILSON, AND LORD ERSKINE

Perthshire presents many perfect examples of Scottish scenery to refresh the eye of weary Southerners, but to golfers the fairways of the Gleneagles Hotel courses provide as alluring a spectacle as could be wished for. This year the usual August spate of celebrities is to be found there, amongst them Sir Humphrey de Trafford's pretty wife, to whom the daily round is far from a common task. Mr. Percy Thellusson, Lord Rendlesham's only brother and heir-presumptive, has a house in Bryanston Square; and Major Bouch, who used to be in the 10th Hussars, was Master of the Belvoir for twelve years, the first two seasons jointly with the late Lord Robert Manners. Lord Doverdale owns Westwood Park, near Droitwich, and formerly represented the Shipley Division of Yorkshire in Parliament. Miss Rollo is Lord Rollo's only daughter. Everyone knows Lady Curzon, one of the leading feminine supporters of racing, and Sir Mathew Wilson too is an important owner

LORD DOVERDALE AND THE HON. ROSALIND ROLLO

Photographs by Arthur Owen



ON LAKE TADENAC: "IAN HAY" AND WIFE

Major and Mrs. Ian Hay Beith slipped over to Canada aboard the S.S. "Minnewaska" for a bit of fishing before "Ian Hay" had to come back to London to start superintending the rehearsals of the new play, "Leave it to P'Smith," which he has done with Mr. P. G. Wodehouse

The Heroism of Propping-up Floppers.

AS I watch the glorious self-sacrifice of those who give their lives so that the Weak may at least live out their useless selves in the metaphorical splinters supplied by the self-reliant, I never quite know if I feel intense admiration for such heroism or intense annoyance. It is very wonderful I grant you, very beautiful, something as close to the divine as you will find in this world. Yet if only the object of this supreme self-sacrifice were invariably more worthy I should feel happier in my conviction. As it is, so much of it seems to savour of that generosity which will go out of its way to help an ex-gaol bird but will ignore the need of the man who has worked hard, lived straight, and striven to be independent until evil days fell upon him. The daughters who give up their youth, their health, everything which makes life wonderful for the sake of a parent who disguises selfishness under the cloak of parental devotion fill me with a mixture between admiration, pity, and unholy anger. Mr. W. B. Maxwell's interesting new novel, "To What Green Altar" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) is the story, of such a devotion. The self-sacrifice of a brave woman to reclaim a man from drink and vice, only to be treated in a manner which would have persuaded most self-respecting women to let him go to the dogs in his own way, there being better human material more worthy of their unselfishness and devotion. Poor Margaret! by her love for Andrew Lane she willingly sacrificed her reputation, her security, almost her entire fortune. So long as he returned her love he was a reformed man. As his love weakened, however, he treated her abominably. Yet still she strove and strove, and eventually she did make a man of him. Or, rather, I would prefer to say that Mr. Maxwell made a man of him. In reality, I don't believe even a woman as courageous and unselfish and devoted as Margaret could have made anything of such a man as Andrew Lane. He was too far gone, or rather, the kink in his nature was too pronounced for any reformation to be other than impermanent. The story is interesting throughout, moving, and at times intensely human and life-like. Unfortunately the last portion lets it down as a work of art, though doubtless it will pick it up as a popular novel. Andrew, once he began to work as a labourer on a Sicilian farm, became such a different man that, had I skipped the middle portion of the story, I should have thought he was a new character altogether. A relative dying, leaving him a large fortune, completed the improbability of the story's end. Thus Margaret was well repaid for her years of self-sacrifice and privation, even though in real life I don't believe she would thus have found her reward. A man such as Andrew was would not, I believe, have ever been reformed, especially on the wave of a second blooming of the original devotion with, on his side, infidelity, cruelty, violence, and especially boredom intervening. Boredom alone would surely have blighted such a second blooming for all time? Besides, I don't know whether to feel admiration for a woman who sticks to a man when he kicks her or whether to feel exasperation. It seems such a waste of a fine woman, no matter what the ultimate patched-up result may be. However, Mr. Maxwell has told the story admirably. Margaret is the study of a very beautiful character, happily human enough to be true, even though rare. It is a pity her mother,

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

Mrs. Dacre, disappeared from the story so quickly, however. She was providing an admirable study of those elderly women whose helplessness and self-pity are used as weapons to get what they want. The parental vampire far more difficult to escape than the conventional syren. In any case you must read "To What Green Altar." So much of it is Mr. Maxwell at his best.

She Who Never Got Slapped.

The handicap to my enjoyment of Mr. Rhys Davies' novel, "Rings On Her Fingers" (Shaylor. 7s. 6d.), was that I liked best just those characters for whom I believe their creator felt more contemptuous. I was sorry, for example, for Mrs. Stephens, Edith's mother, whose life was a perpetual warfare with her own unruly family and those horrid financial ends which will never meet when a woman has a husband who dreams his life away, and these dreams get nowhere. I felt sorry too for Edgar, the man Edith married, though he had not the strength of purpose to pitchfork such a wife out of his house at the first opportunity. On the other hand, Edith herself bored me—and she is the crux of the whole story's situation. She was supposed to have such overpowering sexual impulses that she could not run straight; but it struck me she was only vulgar and very common without other profound psychological interest. She needed the comfort which her husband's money could give her, but wanted a young miner as a bed-mate, and failing him, almost any other man would do. I suppose the author loved this tiresome and unintelligent woman, because at the end he allowed her not only to have her cake, but to eat it. For me, alas, she was simply a noisy and restless bore. Consequently, I was so little moved by her violent and determined seduction of the young miner who attracted her, that all the time I was wondering why the servants did not rush into the drawing-room to discover who was being murdered. There is, however, a certain grim realism about the story which to a certain extent is impressive, though the colours are, so to speak, all primary ones. Mr. Davies knows what he wants to say all the same, and he says it. It is not a pleasant story, however. There isn't a single character which anyone could possibly like. Pity, and a self-congratulation that you haven't got to live with them, is the more definite emotion they arouse.

Two Delightful Guide-books.

The Ideal Holiday Companion is a problem which few of us ever manage to solve. At least I have never done so. For me the Ideal Holiday Companion is one who is



MRS. JOHN DRINKWATER AND PENELOPE ANN

At Pepys House, Brampton, Huntingdon, where the famous dramatist and his wife celebrated their daughter's first birthday. Before her marriage in 1924 Mrs. Drinkwater was Miss Daisy Kennedy, the well-known violinist.

(Cont. on p. 588)

A MODERN JANUS!

By George Belcher



George Belcher

"Yer see, 'e can't get any glasses to suit 'im, and the doctor says 'e can't tell yet which way 'is eyes will turn"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

action but accords it. More especially when we are together he does not always want to *talk*. A museum or a picture gallery, for example, should always be undertaken alone. There is nothing quite so tiresome as to do either in company, unless our plan be that we enter together and meet at the exit in, say, two hours' time. In fact, the Ideal Holiday Companion makes only one tacit arrangement, and that is to meet us, if convenient, in the evening of each day. Otherwise mutual freedom of action, without rancour or dispute, should be the one order of the holiday day. Not a large demand perhaps when you state it baldly, but almost impossible to find in any one person whom you know. For the home-friend can be exasperating as a travelling companion, and many a good fellowship has been broken by the first holiday mishap. As a matter of fact, I have come to the conclusion that if you can't get the Ideal Companion it is far jollier to travel alone. For one thing, you can always get quicker to the heart of a place when you have to give it your undivided interest. While if you have any friendliness in your nature at all—well, some of the happiest acquaintances can be picked up *en route*, though the acquaintanceship only last over a cup of coffee and a liqueur in a foreign café. In fact, only one real danger assails those who travel alone. It is the travelling "bore," who, searching for a victim, pounces upon you as one without defence. To travel *à deux* does at least save you from that. It seems to me that scarcely one person in ten realizes that a person alone may often prefer his solitude, the general opinion being that the society of anybody must be preferable to nobody at all. Yet, more often—it *isn't!* Personally, with a good guide-book and my own dreams and imagination, I should never be daunted by going to the ends of the earth entirely by myself. As I said before, some of the jolliest interludes in life are found with complete strangers whose name you never even get to know. You are with them for a day or a night, and then life swallows them up, as life so often does swallow up those with whom we feel an affinity, be it only the affinity of food. A good guide-book you must have, however. Baedekers are wonderful, but too often they make one hate the country, as before a surfeit of good things to eat. You feel that you cannot cope with all there is to see and do. On the whole, therefore, I prefer one of those friendly little guide-books which record the writer's impressions, his discoveries, with just enough historical and other information to make you grasp the significance of the past and present without feeling that you will never be able to remember half of it just when you want most to remember it. Two such guide-books I have been reading this week. One is Roy Elston's "Travels in Normandy" (Bell. 7s. 6d.), the other, S. E. Winbolt's "Kent" (Bell. 6s.). Mr. Elston's book is perhaps more a book, so to speak, than a guide, and Mr. Winbolt's more a guide than a book, yet both would be ideal holiday companions supposing your holiday this year were Normandy, or afoot in Kent. I like Mr. Elston's best to read. It is full of his own personal impressions, his own adventures; almost a diary of a delightful semi-vagabond holiday around Dieppe, Rouen, Honfleur, that fascinating and comparatively little-known town, Caudebec; Caen and its vicinity. True, he gives us pages of historical information—knowledge which you

must know if you would appreciate to the full the romance and genius of old towns, old castles, old abbeys, and old ruins of any kind—but you know when he is going to begin to "inform" historically, because his style becomes suddenly impersonal, almost professorial. You may, of course, skip through such pages to grasp the main outlines of historical events, but still, it would not be wise to do it. You must read, however, word by word, immediately Mr. Elston—somewhat thankfully, I suspect!—comes back to himself, as it were. You could not wish for a pleasanter companion. Put him down in an old street, in an old church, in a quiet village; at a table in a café—and he is delightful. I know Normandy very little; though not so long ago I spent a week-end at Dieppe and was enchanted by the loveliness and interest of the surrounding country. I also lived, when a youth, in Rouen for a time, but that, alas! was during years when the mind takes in only superficial impressions. Mr. Elston's book makes me yearn to go over again the Normandy which I only know fairly well, and to explore so many places which he describes, of which I know nothing. "Travels in Normandy" is that kind of book. A delightful volume whether for the arm-chair or as a very useful guide.

* * *

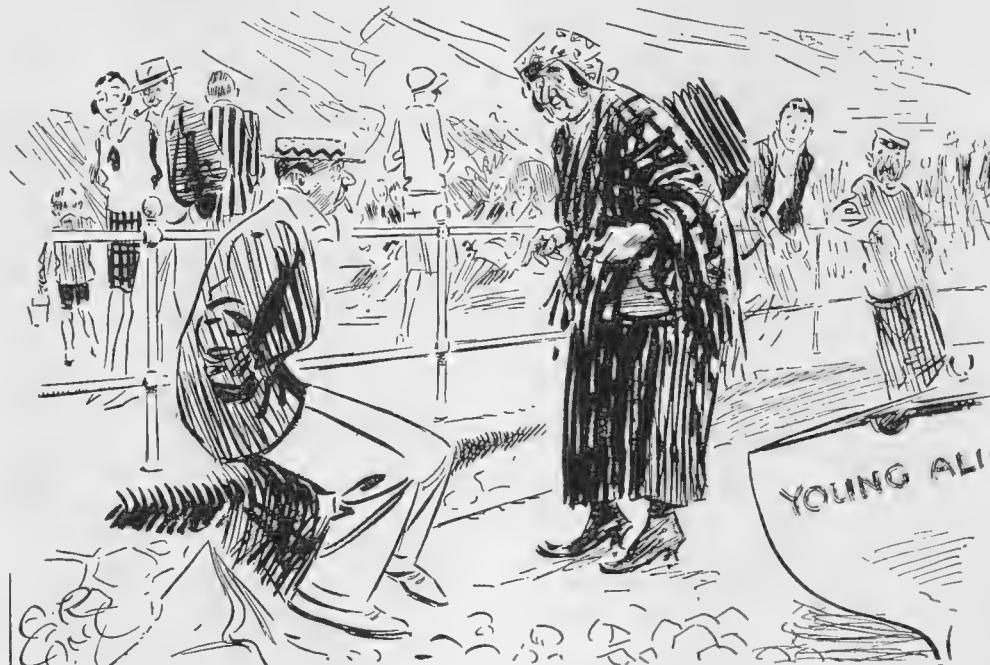
Thoughts from
"Travels in
Normandy."

"It is so much
easier to
hate than to love."

"If one cannot
laugh at nothing
one had better live
in a cave in the
hills on sweet
potatoes and goat's
milk."

"So much is
little that a little
more seems great;
and as it pleases
the human race to
give vast stature
to its dead favourites,
the giants of
history seem
always to be
curiously unreal."

"Prayer can
not hold any
savour to those
who never sin;
nor sin to those
who never pray."



Gipsy: Tell your fortune, sir?
Gipsy: Half-a-crown

Seaside Tripper: How much?
Tripper: Correct

"Kent."

As I wrote above, Mr. Winbolt's "Kent" is primarily a guide. The author gives us no flights of fancy, very few personal impressions, but everything you want to know about all the historical towns and most of the lovely, little-known villages of Kent you will find in his book. If you are motoring through the county or, better still, wandering through it afoot, you won't find a better or more useful guide-book of its kind anywhere. He takes us through town by town, village by village; gives us as much of the historical interest of each as can be compressed within a few pages or a few paragraphs, tells us what we ought to look at and, looking at, take notes, and immediately passes on to the next place. Such books have been compiled before, but never so concisely—never made so easy to find what you need just when you want to find it. The origin of the names of the towns and villages is also an additional interest. What the writer does not know about Kent is surely scarcely worth knowing; so that it is rather pleasing to find the author tripping occasionally, as, for instance, when writing of Camden Place in Chislehurst, he states that the Empress Eugénie lived there till her death in 1873 (*sic*). Let me add that the book is beautifully illustrated by a series of photographs taken by Mrs. Winifred Ward, that genius of the camera. I wish she had been roped in for Mr. Elston's book also. Normandy is, I must confess, illustrated in a very conventional manner—or rather, the views themselves are conventional.

Up and Down the Country



Howard Barrett
AT A RECENT LINCOLNSHIRE CHILDREN'S HUNTER TRIALS

At Walesby Hall: Standing—Colonel A. P. Heneage, M.P., Mrs. Heneage, Captain H. A. Jaffray, M.F.H., Lieut.-Colonel Sutton-Nelthorpe; seated—Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Sutton-Nelthorpe, and Mrs. St. John Vigor Fox



Arthur Owen
AT MURTHLEY CASTLE: MR. R. GUGGENHEIM, PRINCESS IMERETINSKY, AND MRS. BARNEY



AT STOCKTON: MR. AND MRS. CHARLESWORTH



THE HON. CHARLOTTE STOURTON AND THE HON. MRS. MICKLETHWAIT



LIEUT.-COLONEL AND THE HON. MRS. J. G. LOWTHER

For the children's hunter trials at Walesby Hall, Lincoln, Colonel Heneage's house, three hunts united, the Brocklesby, the Burton, and the Southwold, and Captain Jaffray, who is Joint Master of the Brocklesby with Lord Yarborough, was one of the judges. Colonel Heneage is the member for Louth (Lincs), and he used to be a gunner; Colonel Sutton-Nelthorpe was formerly in the R.B. In the Murthley Castle group Mr. S. R. Guggenheim, who is an American, is the father of Lady Castle Stewart, and Princess Imeretinsky and Mrs. Barney are the daughters of Sir John and Lady Mullens. The Stockton pictures were taken the day the Great Northern Leger was run, and people thought they were going to see something that might be of use at Doncaster for the big Leger on September 10, and did not, for the victory of Prince Paradise over Sea Rover and Algonquin told us little. Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth are well known with the Yorkshire packs; the Hon. Charlotte Stourton is Lord and Lady Mowbray's only daughter; the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait was formerly the Hon. Ivy Stapleton and is a sister of Lady Beaumont, and Lieut.-Colonel Lowther is the senior Joint Master of the Pytchley, who are at a peak period of their existence. The Hon. Mrs. J. G. Lowther was the Hon. Lilah White, and is a sister of Lord Annaly. No one goes better with the Pytchley than Mrs. Lowther, and only a few as well.

AIR EDDIES :

By
OLIVER STEWART

Air Signs.

Multiplication is now the dominant factor in everything except the family. We have birth control but not bus control, and in the State-ruled homes of England governesses have been superseded by gramophones, castor oil by ciné cameras, and bibs by the B.B.C., and golf clubs are to be found in the hall more often than perambulators. Modern youth is surrounded by possessions, artificial means of knocking time out of mind; *temporal anaesthetics* and their multiplication need not be deprecated. They lead to trade, and every article that is bought blesses him that gives and him that takes. In some things,

however, the passion for multiplication is not so commendable. There is a glut of signs, notices, posters, advertisements, orders, and warnings. In these multiplication is an evil. The writing on the wall may be interesting; but the writings on the walls are a nuisance. The indiscriminate use of signs and portents is a disease, a kind of signovitis. There is the Dangerous Dog notice, the Concealed Drive notice (usually referring to something that is neither concealed nor a drive), the No Musicians notice, the No Hawkers or Circulars notice, and there are the Get On or Get Out notices which business men hang in their offices to create the illusion that they are efficient, but which merely direct attention to their vulgarity. It is a widely prevalent disease. But there is no need to segregate those who are victims of it; their complaint can be turned to good account. For aviation is much in need of notices and signs. There are far too many signs on the ground and far too few for the air. The signs enthusiasts ought to be persuaded to turn their attention to aviation.

IN THE U.S.A.: MR. CLARENCE CHAMBERLIN AND MISS RUTH NICHOL

Who made the first non-stop flight from New York to Miami, but when on their air tour through New England were forced down by fog at Pawtucket. Mr. Chamberlin is the famous transatlantic flier

The Shell Company has earned the gratitude of everybody by erecting no signs where they might spoil the appearance of the countryside. Pratts (I hope I am referring to the right company) have been painting air signs on all the roofs of their depôts. The two activities are commendable and should be combined. An attempt should be made to reduce the signs on the ground and simultaneously to increase those for the air. The air sign does not spoil the countryside, and it makes cross-country flying easier, especially in bad weather. No doubt it is fascinating for the experienced pilot to find his way in bad weather without the aid of any roof signs, but such flying is much less fascinating for the inexperienced, and it is the inexperienced who must be catered for if flying is to become popular. Mr. C. M. Pickthorn has recently been advocating an increase in the number of air signs, and the inclusion, beside each one, of a compass rose. The compass rose would be of a great value and would increase the utility of the signs tenfold. It is true that pilots have now at last learnt to trust their compasses, but even so the compass rose on the ground helps in quick orienting of the map and provides more complete information than simply the name of the town. Let us therefore have fewer ground signs and more air signs, and let Mr. Pickthorn's suggestion be adopted, and let every air sign have its compass rose,

or at any rate the cardinal points marked beside it. Every town and village should have its name painted clearly in white letters on its railway station roof with the compass rose. The result would infallibly be a fillip to private flying and in an increase in the cross-country confidence of novices.

Aeronautical C. of G.'s.

There seems to be some sort of gravitational element in the aeronautical world. There is a tendency for the leading lights, the *denser stars* (denser being here intended in the astronomical or complimentary sense) to attract each other according to the Einstein gravitation laws and the principles of Reimann metric (probably). Mr. Fairey, Mr. Sopwith, and Mr. Sigrist have been staying at Seaview lately, for instance, and their respective yachts have been lying off the pier testifying that, as a hobby, aviation still has its limitations. Mr. Sopwith—and surely a discreet reflected glow of pride must have traversed the aviation industry when the fact was published—is now a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and will be found at the Sign of the White Ensign and Black Ball at Cowes. It is the first intimation that the construction of aircraft has become a respectable profession. Mr. Wallace Barr, I am told, was also at Seaview, and Mr. Irvin, who demonstrated from his yacht in the bay an astonishing rubber raft, a kind of yachtsman's parachute. He carried out several successful drops with this raft. Surely there ought to be a Life Buoy Club to correspond to the Caterpillar Club (the only club more exclusive than the R.Y.S.). Mr. John Lord was also over with Mr. Irvin.

"R 100."

Congratulations must be given to the crew, the designers, and the constructors of the *R 100*. She has accomplished her first return Atlantic flight with success, the only mishap to the fabric covering being a slight one which it was found possible to repair in the air. The arrival at Cardington was an inspiring sight, and almost obliterated my own confessed heavier-than-aircraft leanings. But I still think that the whole question of the cover attachment needs reviewing, because it is still clear that the pressures which the hull is subjected to are not understood, and that the factors in this respect are not sufficiently high. I have forgotten how many times the strength of the *R 100* was "doubled," according to the statements of her constructors,



F. King & Co.

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT SCROGGS

With his single-seater, D.H. 53, which he uses for visiting air pageants and his private friends, when they have aerodromes close to their houses

MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY AND
HER SON, GAY KINDERSLEY

THE HON. MRS. BRYAN GUINNESS AND JONATHAN



ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF GAY KINDERSLEY AND HIS MOTHER

Lord and Lady Redesdale's third daughter, formerly the Hon. Diana Freeman-Mitford, was one of the youngest of last year's brides, being only nineteen when she married the son of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Walter and Lady Evelyn Guinness in January 1929. Though their son, Jonathan, and his second cousin, Gay Kindersley, are both too juvenile to have much in common at present, it is safe to say that these young gentlemen will be good friends in a few years' time. Gay's mother was Miss Oonagh Guinness before her marriage, and is the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness's youngest daughter, and a sister of Lady Dufferin. Her husband is the youngest son of Sir Robert Kindersley, G.B.E. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley and Mrs. Bryan Guinness were among the many personalities to be seen at the Dublin Horse Show

*Portraits by Marcus
Adams and Lenare*



TOMTITT

MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD

As *Désiré*, the butler whose only short-coming is a fatal tendency to fall in love with the mistresses whom he serves so discreetly. Sacha Guitry's comedy, adapted by Mr. John Leslie Frith, has left its original home at the New Theatre to visit Streatham and Golders Green. It may return to the West End in September.

business of putting two and two together would keep the imagination hard at work. But I imagine the Guitry spell would successfully gloss over the gaps in the guess-work.

In the play one is continuously reminded that half-a-dozen Channel Tunnels would be powerless to bridge the gulf between Gallic improprieties and British legerdemain. Considering that a Frenchman's idea of a joke is his mistress, and an Englishman's his mother-in-law, the difference is not surprising. One cannot translate the untranslatable. What is one to do? Listen in one language and try to think in another, or forget the original and judge the result from a purely British standpoint? Alternative one is impossible; number two is as unsatisfactory as drinking ginger ale and calling it champagne. One can merely hover, in temperamental confusion, somewhere in mid-Channel and hope for the best.

Act I promises well. The kitchen of Odette's house in Paris offers common ground for setting off the foibles of those who ring bells and those who answer them. Madeleine, the lady's-maid (Miss Nadine March), and Adèle, the cook (Miss Buena Bent), are not slow to observe that "they," meaning the people upstairs, have but one topic of conversation, namely, "them," meaning the servants. We who have slipped in by the back-door

THE PASSING SHOWS

"*Désiré.*" By Sacha Guitry

The way of the adapter is hard. Sins of omission and commission beset his path. When his job is Anglicising M. Sacha Guitry's comedy, *Désiré*, he runs the risk of turning a feather-weight omelette into an insipid slice of Yorkshire pudding. I hazard a guess that Mr. John Leslie Frith has done his uttermost and done it pretty well. But then I have never seen *Désiré* in French played by the great Sacha himself and that adorable, spell-binding enchantress, Mlle. Yvonne Printemps. True, my command of the French idiom is a doubtful quantity, and the

are content to leave the *tu quoque* unsaid. The more tit-bits of information we can glean of Odette and the gentleman, a Cabinet Minister no less, whose discreet relationship with the mistress of the house we gather to be a case of "Business as usual," the better. Madeleine is a sharp-tongued little shrew and could do with a good smacking, but her Nosey Parkerisms are to the point, and the cook, ruddy of cheek and simple of soul, is a useful foil.

Enter, at length, to the disputants, Mr. Hugh Wakefield, applicant for the post of butler to Odette. If the welcome upstairs proves to be as warm as its counterpart in the kitchen, Madame will not be forced to move her household to Deauville on the morrow minus a manservant. The effect below-stairs is rapidity itself. The cook, taking to the powder-puff, hears reluctantly the call of the sergeant of police, her husband, at the area steps. "Sleeping out" has its disadvantages. Nadine, while Madame is taking up the stranger's references, hastens to prepare his bedroom for the night, situated, as she so tactfully informs him, next door to hers.

But *Désiré*'s last reference is not altogether satisfactory. Madame at last descends into the kitchen to announce her decision. She has just telephoned to the Countess Ybiska (or whatever her name is) and that lady was non-committal but unenthusiastic. Madame regrets, but *Désiré* is not engaged. Poor *Désiré*, just as he was writing a letter to his dear old mother to say he had got another job! Just as he was feeling happy and settled. It was too bad. It was monstrous of the Countess to hint at things which he was powerless to deny. If Madame would listen he would tell her the truth—with profound respect, of course. Madame must not be embarrassed.

The fault was not his, it was the Countess. Was it fair for a mistress to enter her butler's room at night clad only in . . . ? Was not that a moment when any just-minded person would forgive a butler from ceasing to be a butler and becoming a man? Could not Madame understand? Yet that was not all. He, *Désiré*, the perfect butler, would be frank. The affair with the Countess was not the first. It had happened before. Cooks and lady's-maids—what did they signify? Nothing. Conceive the tragedy of one, an artist at his job, whose fate it was to fall under the spell of one mistress after the other. Was Madame still unpersuaded? Then permit him to play his last card. Permit him to assure her that



THE DREAMER WHO TALKED IN HER SLEEP

Miss Jeanne de Casalis as Odette, who engaged *Désiré* on the strength of his avowal that she left him cold and therefore ran no risks. Odette began to think aloud in her dreams, which indicated that the word Mistress has two interpretations



THE QUICK AND THE DEAF

Désiré (Mr. Hugh Wakefield) rushing through dinner at restaurant-car speed. The guest (Miss Clare Harris) is deaf, a bore, and appallingly greedy

she, as a woman, not as an employer, left him cold. Of attraction for him she had not one iota. She was safe. He, Désiré, was safe. He was engaged. Madame was kind. He would stay. It was settled.

With this credit balance to carry forward, Act II proved a disappointment. Nothing very surprising or shocking happened in the lounge dining-room of Odette's villa at Deauville. Mr. Wakefield laid the dinner-table with a dexterity which encompassed the difficult feat of twisting a flat dinner-napkin into a cocked hat with four corners. Mr. Evelyn Roberts made play with the heavy-weight gaucheries of Felix, who, as Postmaster-General, preserved the tradition that every Cabinet Minister was entitled to a mistress, but kept the subject of marriage conveniently at arm's-length.

How much Odette really craved for 100 per cent. respectability was not clear. One of those "sudden indispositions" which occasionally robs a cast of its leading lady prevented Miss Jeanne de Casalis from appearing on the night

TOM
of my visit. Miss Margaret Bayes is to be complimented on a sound and sensible performance, concerning which there is nothing derogatory, I hope, in saying that a French Odette would have strengthened the illusion, so hard to capture, that the improprieties were really improper.

As it was, Odette, whom I wanted to visualize as a coquette with an abundant sense of humour—an eye for opportunity and adventure—was just a jolly, discreet, affectionate young woman sighing for a wedding-ring. Perhaps that was how M. Guity intended her. And yet, somehow, I fancy Miss Yvonne Arnaud or Miss de Casalis or Miss Mireille Perrey would have finessed more than one facet.

What does happen sounds little enough in the telling. Felix is distressed by Odette's sudden habit of talking to the butler in her sleep. "No, Désiré . . . no. Go away. . . ." "What," asks Felix, whose ardour seems to be



CANDOUR IN THE KITCHEN

The cook (Miss Buena Bent) and the lady's maid (Miss Nadine Marsh) discuss the lady of the house and her gentleman-friend with engaging frankness before Désiré arrives on the scene to apply for the vacant butler-ship

cooling, "does this mean?" Odette, horrified, is at a loss to understand. Have her nocturnal negatives, repeated these last five nights, percolated the walls of Désiré's room? That is the question. Désiré, so Madeleine informs the poor fellow, has been dreaming too—about Odette. It is he who bought the only copy of "Dreams and Omens" from the local bookseller. Felix, striving to read the secrets of Odette's sub-conscious mind, permits the volume to open by itself. It does so, and the place is "Love."

By which time it is dinner-time, and the humour of dreams is overpowered temporarily by the venerable joke at the expense of deafness which crops up in the person of the wife who is not only deaf to the world but blind to husbandly deceit. Miss Clare Harris's display of greediness and Mr. Wakefield's agility in serving a dinner at restaurant-car speed is amusingly irrelevant. When the husband (neither Mr. Henry Oscar nor anyone else could make much of this insignificant part) does condescend to leave the Casino and join the party, poor Felix is flabbergasted by the news that the Government has resigned. Even an English audience cannot fail to appreciate this appeal to precedent in French politics.

ODETTE'S PROTECTOR

Mr. Evelyn Roberts as Felix, Postmaster-General in one of those French Governments which resigns with startling rapidity. The Cabinet falls but Felix keeps on walking—into the next one



"SITUATIONS VACANT"

Here we have a trio of stage butlers who have been executing a series of quick changes. Mr. Raymond Massey (left) surrendered the buttons of flunkeydom in "The Man in Possession" to Mr. Owen Nares (right) who in turn retired from Désiré and was succeeded by Mr. Hugh Wakefield (centre). It is now Mr. Massey's turn to play Désiré

In Act III the two dreamers, whose symptoms have now emerged from subconscious obscurity, find themselves sleeping on opposite sides of the dining-room—Odette on the divan, Désiré, minus coat and waistcoat, on the sofa. The point is, the butler having laid bare the secret of his heart, and Felix having got his job in the next Cabinet, whether it would be better to let Good-nights be Good-byes-for-Ever, or whether . . .

Question: If the lady who employs him comes back down the stairs at four o'clock in the morning and, complaining about the cold, begs him to help her shut a recalcitrant window, what should the butler do? The answer—this being a French comedy by M. Sacha Guitry—is Go . . . in the right direction. As an echo, this trifle can be given an after-dinner hearing. If the play itself eludes you there is always entertainment in expectation. It is an amusing and cleverly-acted little trifle with as much suggestiveness in it as is good for even a modern English audience.

"TRINOCULO."



LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

AT THE GYMKHANA: MADAME DAVEY COMPETING
IN THE
LLOYD-LINDSAY
CONTESTMISS ZEICKER AND BARON
G. DE NEUFVILLE

MRS. TEMPLE JOHNSON

MISS NEUMANN, BARON R. DE ROTHSCHILD,
AND MR. NEUMANN

Although the main interest in the stick-and-ball game centres at the moment on the side of the Atlantic from which the "R.100" has just come, the August holiday polo at Deauville is always amusing, and has been so this year even though the entries have not been numerous. The Prix de Meautry has been the recent excitement, and it was won by the Marquis de Portago's "Los Piratas," of whom we saw a bit in London during the season. Giving Lord Louis Mountbatten's Royal Navy team, "The Bluejackets," $4\frac{1}{2}$ goals start, Los Piratas won by 7 to that score, which means that they had all the fun and the sailors none at all. Baron Schroeders, Prince Omar Halim, and Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin were the other units in the Marquis of Portago's team. The sailors subsequently won the Excelsior Cup. When the polo was not going on they had one of those things that are called gymkhanas, and which emanate from the "mysterious East"! Sometimes the things set for the competitors to do are hair-raising, but sometimes not so. The Lloyd-Lindsay this time, for instance, was quite mild. Usually it entails bringing an ungainly dummy out of action on a horse over some hurdles under a barrage of blank! Luckily only blank is used

THE PASSING HOUR



MISS MARY GARDEN AT MONTE CARLO

AT MALVERN FESTIVAL: MR. BERNARD SHAW AND
MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRYMRS. MARSHALL FIELD (MRS. DUDLEY COATS),
WHO WAS MARRIED LAST WEEK

Miss Mary Garden, of whom and a devoted attaché there is a very charming picture in this page, is one of those people whom it is hardly necessary to say anything about, especially to anyone who has ever heard of Grand Opera. At the Malvern Festival the cameras people would not leave Mr. Shaw in peace in spite of his well-known dislike for publicity. The Festival was a regular spate of Shaw plays, including "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," "Heartbreak House," "Candida," and "The Apple Cart," and there was also Mr. Rudolf Bésier's new play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry was amongst the very distinguished professional assemblage congregated at Malvern for the Festival, which carries on till August 30. Mrs. Dudley Coats' wedding was the social event of last week. She was Miss Audrey James, and her first husband, who died some time ago, was a son of Sir Stuart Auchincloss Coats, Bart. Mr. Marshall Field, who is as well known in the Leicestershire world as is his charming bride, was educated at Eton and Cambridge. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field will make their home in America, but be in England in the hunting season

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,—This foul weather may be most damnable for the holiday-makers, but what a godsend it seems to be to the comic artist. I scarcely think that *this* consoles for *that*, but it helps one to survive just a little, even though it is not always easy to laugh at such a tragedy as a wet summer can be. Growing tired of bathing in a sou'wester and a waterproof (the cook having complained at the number of steaming bathing-suits festooned about her kitchen), I came up to Paris early in the week (funny how one always thinks one will be always better off anywhere except where one actually is when the weather is bad), and of course had two days of almost unbearably glorious sunshine in town. But Paris is an unfamiliar city these days. Rather like the waiting-rooms at a big station on the morrow of a Bank Holiday.

* * *

People wander around with a lost and somewhat harassed expression as if they feel they have no business to be there at all. That since their train is missed it's no good worrying, and it doesn't really matter if they never, *never*, NEVER arrive at their destination after all. The few well-known faces one glimpses have a slightly furtive air, and when one meets Her without Him or Him without Her one is astonished at the number of Fairly-Happy-though-Married folk who have come up to town to see the dentist or choose new wall-paper for the drawing-room, and one is amazed also at the strange quarters of Paris in which such dentists and decorators live! But perhaps I am summat uncharitably-minded.

* * *

A fruitless search for a mislaid morsel of luggage took me to the St. Lazare Station one evening and the newly-decorated Salle des Pas Perdus burst on my amazed gaze. Truly palatial; those of us who have NOT seen the "Grand Central" in New York will almost dare to boast that even U.S.A. has "nothing like it."

With its gaily-lit show-cases, luminous advertisements, its tastefully decorated newspaper, fruit, and flower stalls, it is all rather like a *succursale* of the rue de la Paix except that no man fruiterer has ever dared to invade the latter. Quite a pleasant place to saunter in (on a rainy evening) and watch the world go by, so much so that it was quickly discovered by the authorities that certain pretty ladies belonging to the corporation that plies the oldest trade in the world had elected to open up a new happy (?) hunting-ground there. Poor dears, almost as quickly as they got busy a police raid was organized, and oh what a stampede took place! Not many arrests were made, but the ticket inspectors lost count of the numbers of lassies that travelled out of Paris without a ticket that evening and the peaceful inhabitants of several provincial towns on the Havre and Dieppe lines



Arib, Paris

MLLE. MARIE DUBAS

An amusing and vivacious singer of gay ditties, whose great success is still recent enough for her to be vastly interested in her press cuttings. It is rumoured that Mlle. Dubas is engaged to the well-known author, Pierre Benoist

had the shock of their young lives next morning when they saw what the night had brought forth.

* * *

Writing of shocks makes me think that quite a few so-disposed persons will be able to get quite a kick from the fact that a dramatic version of Miss Radclyffe Hall's famous novel, "The Well of Loneliness," is to be produced in Paris at the end of this month. Personally I look forward to it with neither shock nor kick but merely with intense interest. If ever a book was honestly and cleanly written, without the slightest desire or *arrière pensée*, of notoriety or scandal, that book was, and the middle-class howl of execration that greeted it was quite the most ridiculous manifestation imaginable. The stage version will be given under the joint management of Miss Willette Kershaw—who has been giving such a successful series of performances of *Maya* in English at the Studio des Champs Élysées this summer—and M. Raoul Audier at the Potinière from August 31 to (*deo volente*) September 30.

* * *

At the time of writing the theatrical bill of fare in Paris is rather like a refectory table on Good Friday. Full of emptiness. Thirty-five important theatres have closed down. The big music-halls remain open for they are patronized by the innumerable foreign and provincial visitors that the summer excursions bring forth. The English Players at the Théâtre Albert 1^{er} are holding their own with Edgar Wallace's blood-curdler, *On the Spot*. Mistinguette still typifies the triumph of Mind over Matter at the Casino (and even she takes an afternoon off sometimes), Marcel Pagnol still makes good at the Variétés and the Théâtre de Paris with the world-famous *Topaze* and almost equally-famous *Marius* . . . but for the rest, Très Cher, emptiness everywhere.—PRISCILLA.



THE BAR DU SOLEIL: DEAUVILLE

Mlle. Yvette Laurant, the well-known French actress, and some of her numerous friends, at cocktail-time at Deauville, which, having more sun than most places at the moment, is full of people from all over the civilized, and also uncivilized world

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS



CORINNE GRIFFITH

In private life Corinne Griffith is Mrs. Morosco, her husband being Walter Morosco, the well-known film director. Her most recent film is called "Back Pay," based on a novel by Fanny Hurst. Before she went to the films, in which she made an almost immediate success, Corinne Griffith was a professional dancer. Olive Borden, who is rated one of the most beautiful brunettes on the films, is in "High Society," in which Jack Oakie is the male lead. She is a Virginian and has achieved stardom after four years, her first adventures having been in some of the Hal Roach comedies. Marion Shilling and Marcia Manners are two beautiful young women who help to adorn the Paramount productions, and were snapshotted when they were not particularly busy on the Pacific Coast



OLIVE BORDEN



MARION SHILLING AND MARCIA MANNERS



AT QUENBY: SIR HAROLD NUTTING, M.F.H., MRS. MULOCK, LADY NUTTING, H.H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE, AND ANTHONY NUTTING



SPORT AND SOCIETY

In England and Ireland



BRIG.-GENERAL HOWARD-VYSE, THE HON. MRS. F. E. SMITH, AND LADY CROMWELL AT WEEDON

The above snapshot was taken on the first day of the annual Weedon tournament, when the Weedon team beat Chapel Brampton 9-6. General Howard-Vyse, C.M.G., D.S.O., lately succeeded Major-General Hartman as Commandant of the Equitation School. The Hon. Mrs. Smith is Lord Plunket's sister. Lady Cromwell is well accustomed to watching polo, for Lord Cromwell is constantly concerned with the game. Princess Marie Louise recently paid her first visit to Leicestershire for some years, when she went to stay at Quenby with Sir Harold and Lady Nutting. During her visit H.H. opened a charity fête held in the grounds, and as the date coincided with that of Sir Harold's birthday he received lots of good wishes, particularly in connection with his new post as Joint Master of the Quorn. Mrs. Mulock is Lady Nutting's mother



Frank O'Brien
AT THE TIPPERARY SHOW: CAPTAIN G. LUCAS AND LADY DOROTHIE MOORE

Till
AT THE SEAVIEW REGATTA: CAPTAIN STUART LITTLE, BRIG.-GEN. LOWRY-CORRY, AND COLONEL HOLLOWAY

The Seaview Yacht Club's Regatta was held on August 15 and 16. Captain Little is secretary of the Bebridge Sailing Club, and General Lowry-Corry is its Commodore. Colonel Holloway, Commodore of the Seaview Y.C., owns the 12-metre "Cyra," and Sir Fisher Dilke (on the right) steers Lord Forster's 8-metre "Nona" in her races. Lady Dorothie Moore (see left) was this year's president of the Tipperary Show, and introduced a successful innovation by concentrating the event into a one-day fixture. She is the wife of Captain Moore of Moorsfort, and a daughter of Lord Denbigh. Captain Guy Lucas, one of the best judges of a horse in England, was adjudicating at the Show



Till
MRS. DUFF, SIR FISHER DILKE, CAPTAIN R. I. DIXON, LADY CAMPBELL, AND SIR CHARLES CAMPBELL AT SEA VIEW



SUMMER FLOWERS

From the picture by J. E. Foster



TRAFFIC

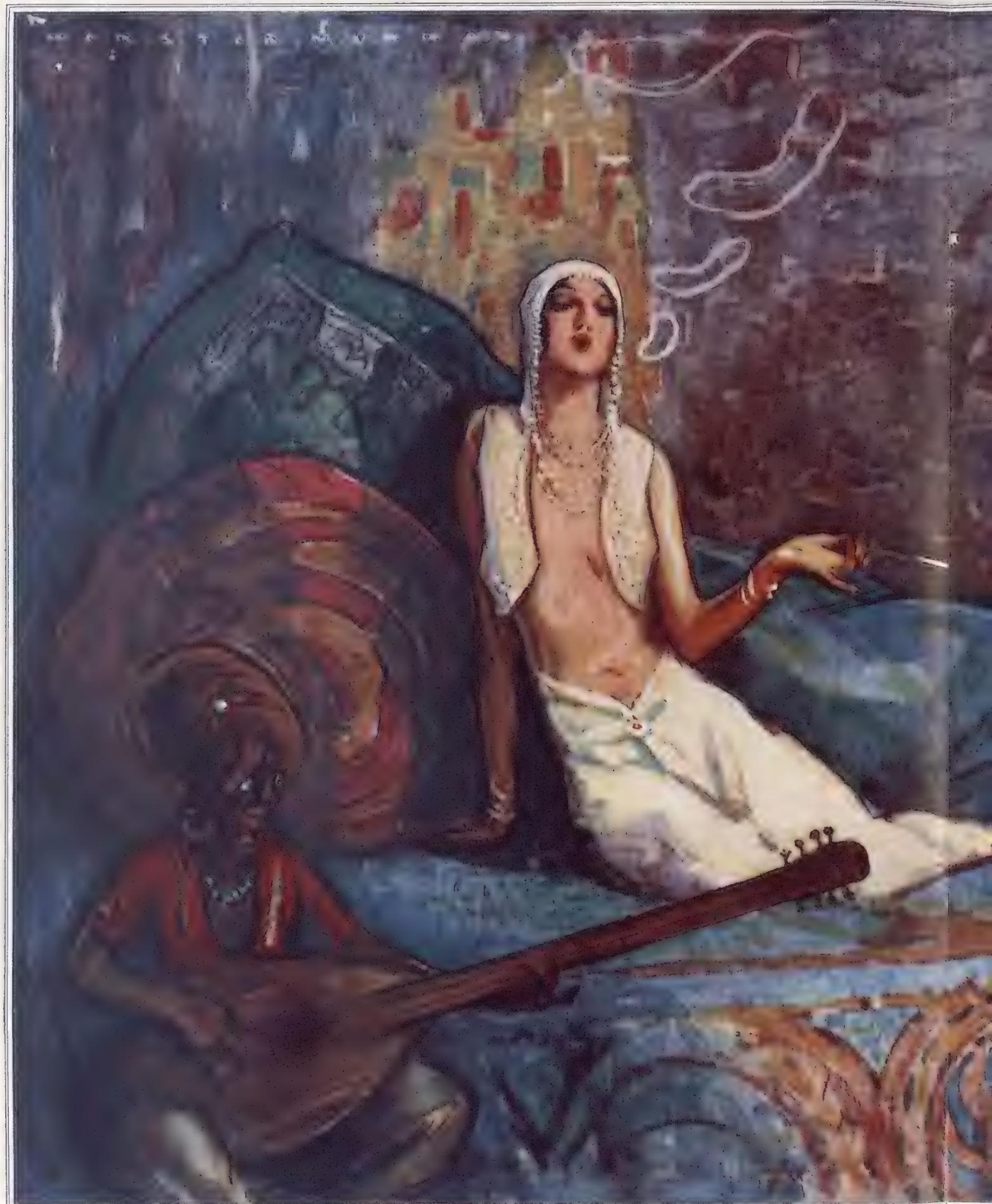
From the picture by John Hassall, R.I.



"VIVIAN"—(LIEUT.-COLONEL V. N. LOCKETT)

By L. F. Bauer

The mainstay of the old 17th Lancer team and in every 17th and 17th-21st Lancer team, bar one (which did not win incidentally), which has won the Inter-Regimental tournament in India and England (and on the Rhine) from and including 1913 in India, also one of the best International backs England has ever had, and in the victorious team of 1914 which, skippered by Major "Rattle" Barrett, brought back the International Cup from America. The 17th-21st Lancers are, to polo's great loss, next on the roster for Egypt, so we shall not see them in English polo for some time to come, but they and their C.O. take with them the good wishes of all of us



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THAMES BARGE LEAVING WHITSTABLE

From the picture by Laurence Irving



The "Feathers"
Ludlow

Amidst the "Inns" and outs of Life *Player's Please*



NOT FORGETTING THE DOGS: LADY GUERNSEY AND HER NIECE

FRIENDLY RELATIONS

Lady Guernsey and her niece, Lady Moyra Butler, at Abbots Ripton Hall, near Huntingdon

Lady Moyra Butler, who is the daughter of Lady Guernsey's youngest sister, Lady Ossory, has recently been sampling Huntingdonshire air in exchange for that of Kilkenny, having accepted an invitation to visit her aunt at Abbots Ripton Hall. Lady Guernsey has no daughters of her own, and Lord Ayleford, who succeeded his grandfather in 1924, is her only son. Captain Lord Guernsey, a most charming and popular person, was killed in action during the first year of the European War



*Photographs by Miss Compton Collier,
West End Lane*

GUARDED BY STATELY TREES: ABBOTS RIPTON HALL

IRISH NEWS

Happenings at Headfort
and in County Kildare



ON THE HEADFORT GOLF LINKS

Left to right: Lady Bective, Mr. Peter Tiarks, Miss Myra Tiarks, Major Coote, and Mrs. Frank Tiarks, who were members of the house-party at Headfort for the opening by Lady Headfort of the new Headfort golf links, which are within view of the house



LORD HEADFORT PLAYS IN THE OPENING COMPETITION



MRS. BEVAN AND SIR THOMAS STAFFORD, BART.

Watching events from the neighbourhood of the 1st tee on the new Headfort links in Co. Meath, Sir Thomas Stafford of Rockingham is a Senator of the Free State and a D.L. for Co. Roscommon. He was made a baronet in 1914

Lord Headfort was photographed on the 6th tee of the new course from where a splendid view of Headfort and the lake can be obtained. Some of the land for this enterprising venture was supplied by Lord Headfort, and he has taken the greatest interest in the scheme

On the right are Mr. Hardy Eustace Duckett and Miss Penrhyn winning the horse-and-wheelbarrow race in the successful gymkhana held in aid of the Kildare Hunt Poultry Fund at Mr. Barton's home, Straffan House



PUSH AND GO AT THE KILDARE HUNT GYMKHANA

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

HIELANS AND LOWLANDS



AT MINTO HOUSE: LORD ERRINGTON, LADY VIOLET BARING, LADY CROMER, LADY MINTO, AND LADY WILLA AND LADY BRIDGET ELLIOT
Walter Brydon



THE CRIEFF GAMES: GEN. THE HON. CHARLES WILLOUGHBY, LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY, AND MISS CASTELLANI



ALSO AT CRIEFF: MR. AND MRS. GEORGE WALLACE



THE EARL OF ANCASTER AND MR. VEITCH



MISS DRUMMOND-MORAY AND MR. A. DRUMMOND-MORAY

All the pictures in this page excepting the one at Minto House, Hawick, were taken at the Diamond Jubilee Highland Gathering and Games at Crieff, Perthshire. The Earl of Ancaster, one of whose seats is Drummond Castle, Crieff, was chieftain of the games, and Brigadier-General the Hon. Charles Willoughby is the elder of his two brothers. Lady Priscilla Willoughby is the younger of Lord and Lady Ancaster's two daughters. Mr. George Wallace is the first chieftain of the Biston Caledonian Club of the U.S.A. In the Minto House group Lady Cromer is Lord Minto's sister, and the two little girls are Lord and Lady Minto's daughters. Lord Errington and Lady Violet Baring are Lord and Lady Cromer's son and daughter. Before her marriage Lady Cromer was Lady Ruby Elliot, and she is a sister of Lady Francis Scott and Lady Violet Astor



"THE RED DIAMONDS" AT RUGBY

The team which was beaten in the final of the Nimrod Vase at the Arthingworth Hall, Rugby, Tournament, by Swinford Lodge (rec. 5½ goals) 11½ to 5. Swinford pulled out a surprising bit of form. The "Red Diamonds" names, left to right, are: Captain J. de Pret, Mr. G. E. Prior Palmer, Prince Ulric Kinsky, and Lord Sefton

THE news of the happenings in the American trial matches which comes over the cables, and which I get in the form of newspaper cuttings and so forth, is a bit scrappy. For instance, in the fifth American trial, played at Sands Point Club on Sunday, August 3, the "Whites" (International) side tried a marvellous cow-puncher from Texas, named Cecil Smith, at No. 2, in place of young E. A. S. Hopping, who got a bad fall in the second trial on July 23, the rest of the "White" team being Eric Pedley (1), Thomas Hitchcock (3), and Winston Guest (back). The Whites scored a blistering win by 24 to 10 (the losers receiving 6 goals start), Pedley hitting 9, Smith 5, Hitchcock 7, and Guest 3 of the winners' goals. The opposition was G. H. Bostwick (1), E. J. Boeseke (2), H. W. Williams (3), and J. C. Rathborne, back. Cecil Smith, the cow-puncher, went so well that they seemed to think he might oust young Hopping. The record of the sixth Trial is that they again played C. Smith (back this time in place of Winston Guest) and had E. A. S. Hopping at No. 2, and giving their "trial horse" (with Winston Guest back) 7 goals start, dead-heated at 11 goals all. The critics did not think this too good. Hitchcock was not at his best. He was missing oftener than is his wont. Guest, they said, was in terrific form and doing what they call "walloping the willow," American for hitting a very long ball. In the seventh trial match, on August 10, young Hopping was again at No. 2, and the team beat its "trial horse," which was given a start of 8 goals, 14 to 13, and the cable said that that absolutely clinched matters, and that Pedley, Hopping, Hitchcock, and Guest were America's final word. They did not even play Cecil Smith in the opposition team, which seems strange after all the bouquets hurled at him over the fifth match, and the team was E. J. Boeseke (1), J. Cheever Cowdin (2), H. W. Williams (3), and W. Averill Harriman (back)—the last-named being at his best at the other end of the team—so what has happened to this brilliant cow-puncher from Texas I do not know. The American papers said after that fifth match that it is next to impossible to find a team in all America to take on these all-conquering "Whites," meaning, of course, their international team, with either E. A. S. Hopping or Cecil Smith. It appears as if there might be some kind of a real scrap on September 6 at Meadowbrook!

* * *

At the moment we are marking time or pawing the ground, according to our various temperaments, for news of our own people, but during the next week there ought to be a spate of news of what they are doing. We can but hope that our team and its ponies have had a good passage across the Atlantic. If the ponies are all right I do not think we need worry about the men. I think it is as strong a force as we have ever sent out, and its main advantage is this, that every mother's son in it and its reserves has had experience of polo on the American plan. This means a good deal

POLO NOTES

By "Serrefile"

A complimentary copy of the first issue of the "Royal Naval Polo Association Year Book" has been sent to me, and it may be said at once that anyone who is lucky enough to get a chance to read it will be as surprised as I was at some of the interesting facts collected between its two covers. For instance, I do not suppose that many people, outside naval polo-playing circles, knew that H.M. the King, who is the Patron of the R.N.P.A., played polo in Malta for two seasons when he was a lieutenant in the Navy. Two of the ponies which the King owned were Black Thorn and Real Jam, and it is recorded that, like most sailors ashore, the Royal patron was extremely keen. Polo has been played in the Navy for more than sixty years, and everyone of course realizes the great difficulties under which it has been kept going, for polo-playing ships may be on one station to-day, so to speak, and gone to-morrow. The Naval Polo Pony Club in Malta was one of the earliest organizations, but as a corporate body it closed down in 1907 and sailors had no club of their own on the island till 1929, when the Royal Naval Polo Association was formed, with Lord Beatty as its president and Sir Roger Keyes

as its vice-president. The Royal Naval Polo Association is the logical successor to a series of Naval polo clubs. Though none of them survived for more than two or three years, papers dealing with these predecessors as far back as twenty-five years ago are lodged in the R.N.P.A. files, and there is no reason to doubt that similar organizations existed even earlier. On September 23, 1929, the first batch of circular letters was sent out by the vice-president to all officers whose names appeared on handicap lists, records of matches, etc., or who were known to be interested in polo. In this letter it was estimated that there were between 150 and 200 Naval and Marine polo players. It is therefore highly satisfactory to find that already 234 officers have joined the association. I think we may take it that the R.N.P.A. has got galloping all right, and though the first Navy team to start for the Inter-Regimental got beaten this year (by the Gunners) it showed us a bit of its quality. I hope and believe that next year it will show us a bit more. It is an excellent team, considering the difficulties under which it has had to train, and it has been winning recently at Deauville.



ALSO AT RUGBY: MISS FIELDING AND MRS. J. DE PRET

The Arthingworth Polo Tournament, which it was designed to play on Mr. Norman Perkins' private ground at Arthingworth Hall, Rugby, was actually played on the Rugby P.C. Ground because Arthingworth was too wet. Mrs. de Pret, wife of Captain J. de Pret, is a daughter of the late Mr. C. T. Garland of Moreton Morell, Warwickshire



In holiday mood

Holiday rambles are a sheer delight so long as your feet are in holiday mood. Unfortunately a silly little affair such as a pair of uncomfortably-fitting shoes will completely ruin your pleasure and turn your joyous adventure to a horrible nightmare. You can guard against this by getting a pair of Cantilever Shoes. They will ensure you comfortable, care-free walking and keep your feet in holiday mood all the year round. The pavement of the town will seem as soft and springy as the turf of the

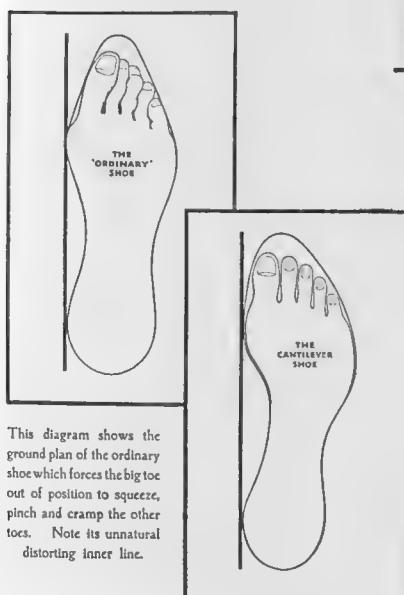
countryside. The reason is that the shoes you generally wear disregard the straight inner line of the normal, healthy foot. They push the big toes on to the other toes and thereby squeeze, crowd and cramp the whole foot. But Cantilever Shoes conform to the ground plan of your foot. They follow its straight inner line and give lots of freedom and comfort. They are made for women, children and men in a wide range of sizes. You will enjoy miles and miles of happy, tireless walking in Cantilever Shoes.

Write for "Miles of Smiles," our free illustrated booklet explaining the Cantilever principle, and for the name of your nearest Cantilever Store:—

CANTILEVER LTD., NORTHAMPTON.

Cantilever Shoes

for comfortable walking.



This diagram shows the ground plan of the ordinary shoe which forces the big toe out of position to squeeze, pinch and cramp the other toes. Note its unnatural distorting inner line.

This shows how the ground plan of the Cantilever Shoe allows ample toe room, giving thereby, easy, comfortable walking. Note its straight inner line.

Cantilevers must be fitted by a personal call at a Cantilever Store.



MISS IRIS BROWN

Who, graduating as one of that galaxy of beauty, "Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies," is now to be promoted to play a part in C. B.'s "next," which is to be called "Evergreen"—a good name, because most Cochran shows are winter and summer hardy plants

THE following story is taken from a book of Irish stories entitled "My Countrymen": "An American visitor arrived at the outlying terminus by the mid-day express and interrogated the ticket collector as to the hours at which he could return. He was told that the express which left at half-past two was the last departure of the day. This did not suit his convenience, so he unearthed the fugitive and cloistered station-master from his lair and asked him to name the price of a special. As soon as the station-master recovered from this unprecedented rush of trade he named a certain sum as a reasonable compensation, which the American agreed to, and withdrew about his business. Towards six o'clock he burst through the barriers again, to find his special waiting for him; and something familiar in its aspect and that of the dumb, patient faces he saw inside it, roused a suspicion which he speedily confirmed; they had kept back the two-thirty."

* * *

A tourist had been shown round a town in the Far West by two brothers who had built the entire place during the past ten years or so. He was shown the town hall, the free library, and numerous other buildings. Seated with his hosts at luncheon subsequently, he remarked, "By the way, I didn't notice the church. Where's that?"

The two brothers looked at each other in dismay. "There you are, Abe! I've told you all these years I was sure we'd forgotten something!"

* * *

Brown had been walking about for hours looking for lodgings. When darkness came he was still searching. At last he noticed a card in a window:

"Good evening," he said to the woman who appeared at the door in answer to his knock. "It's very late to call, but I'm here in reference to the card in your window."

"Oh, yes! 'Ow many might you want, sir?"

"Three large ones, and I want them to-night. I've had a row with my landlady—."

"But you're not goin' to pelt 'er with 'em, are you, sir?"

"Pelt her with rooms!"

"Rooms, sir! I've got no rooms! That card says 'New Laid Eggs!'"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A Scotsman and an Englishman were playing golf when the Scot lost his ball. Players and caddies searched industriously, but without result.

At the end of five minutes the Englishman said, "Well, five minutes up. I claim the hole."

The game was resumed, the Scot very chagrined.

Later the Englishman lost his ball, and when all had searched for the prescribed period the Scot said, "Well, five minutes has passed. I claim the hole, and there's your ba' under the bush."

* * *

A professor was once accosted by a dirty little boot-black:

"Shine your shoes, sir?"

The professor was disgusted by the dirt on the lad's face. "I don't want a shine, my lad," he said, "but if you'll go and wash your face I'll give you sixpence."

"Righto, guv'nor," replied the boy, as he made his way to a neighbouring fountain. Soon he returned looking much cleaner.

"Well, my boy," said the professor, "you have earned your sixpence; here it is."

"I don't want your sixpence, guv'nor," replied the boy, "you 'ang on to it, and get your 'air cut."

* * *

Fancy a girl wearing a flimsy frock like that with this cold wind blowing!" exclaimed a grim-looking woman. "She's absolutely gambling with life and death."

"Well, dear," remarked her husband with a grin, "you can't say she's a heavy-gambler. She's only got a little bit on!"

* * *

The scene was a revival meeting, and during the course of the evening a masculine woman rose and spoke on the value of kindness. "Look at my husband," she said. "He's allus been a terrible trial; but how does I treat him? When he comes home from The Pig and Whistle the wuss for drink, what does I do? Do I hit him? No. Do I swear at him? No. Do I clear out an' leave him? No. I just puts me arms round his neck and kisses him."

A voice from the back of the hall called out, "Serve 'im jolly well right."



MISS MURIEL ANGELUS

Sasha

A pretty young actress who is also well known on the films, who has been recruited for "Sons o' Guns," that amusing musical comedy at the London Hippodrome

THE DIFFERENCE

The distinguishing characteristic of Oriental pearls

Is that they cost a considerable sum of money.

Whereas the distinguishing characteristic of Ciro Pearls is that they don't.

Apart from this, there is very little to choose between them.

It is true, one can raise money on Oriental pearls,

But one must first raise money to buy them, so it is as broad as it is long.

Our recommendation is that you buy Ciro creations, and invest your money in securities.

We invite you to visit the Ciro Salons, or on receipt of a guinea we will send you a 16" necklace of Ciro Pearls for you to wear and compare. If you are not altogether delighted, return them to us within a fortnight and your money will be returned in full. Or we will gladly exchange them.

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LEEDS: 38 Briggate.	BRISTOL: at J. F. Taylor, Ltd.	PARIS: 20 Rue de la Paix.	BERLIN: 106 Leipzigerstrasse.
DUBLIN: at Switzers.			

Pictures in the Fire : By "SABRETACHE"

Any one who hopes to be anyone always very readily subscribes to that polite and fashionable fiction that from about a week before the grouse till about ten days before November 1 London is a howling desert. Of course it is nothing of the kind. All that happens is this, that the permanent residents who have never seen the Tower of London, St. Paul's, Madame Tussaud's, the Houses of Parliament, Harrod's, Woolworth's, or Swan and Edgar's, move out and make room for a lot of

really brainy and absorbent people who come here expressly to see these wonders; have lunch at Simpson's, and show that they are not afraid of our wonderful escalators on the London subterranean railway system. If only the ignorant and ostrichy indigenous person, instead of reading about how Carnera is thinking of going back to his trade (carpentering) with no doubt the sinister intention of making a bit in the coffin line (of his victims), would try to be as absorbent and eager for mental uplift as the inrush which he calls "chaws," what a lot of really useful things he might learn. We are far too fond of our rabbit-hutch existence. What we ought (or should I say *had* ought?) to do is to get out into the great wide world, and to do this it is not necessary to go to a place like Peshawar or Kohat or even Le Touquet; because if you are absorbent you can find things and people even in so secluded a spot as the Ritz grill, or the lobster sandwich bar at Scott's, who have done things which may make each particular hair to stand on end like the quills upon the fretful porcupine (the spelling is not mine but the First Folio's). Take, for instance, the conversation of three concoctors of explosive gases, which I could not help overhearing even though busy eating watercress and old Cheshire and a glass of Madeira. Said one: "It was a real good show. Old Bill was running across the lab' carrying a spot of ammonium nitrate and just as he passed the window he bumped into old Bert carrying some fulminate of mercury and smoking a pipe. Next moment they were on the hard tennis court, Bill minus all hair including eyebrows, and Bert minus all clothes bar a steel chain and his keys." Bar that I may not be quite chemist enough to have got the substances absolutely correct, this is recorded *verbatim et literatim*. No one says



R. S. Crisp

THE CIVIL SERVICE CRUSADERS XI

A group of the team, its umpires, and supporters, taken on a recent occasion. The names, left to right, are: G. W. Male (social secretary and umpire), N. Curtis-Bennett, W. J. Ross, A. E. Millard, G. H. Barson (President), W. Kirall, L. A. Hall, F. A. Munn, and Von Paguet (umpire); sitting—W. G. Bennetts, A. Ross, W. H. Eastland, W. G. T. Webb, P. K. Broomfield; on ground—L. W. Wilson and J. Magnall

when they meet?" (b) "If a man walking ten miles an hour is walking up the left bank of a river with a current going down fifteen miles an hour—no, let me see—that's not quite it—but I know the answer is 'the man's name is Johnnie.'" Both these also are perfectly true, and that is why I am not going out of London till last week of October (for the late cubbing) and the second week in November, when the ditches may not be quite so blind.

In the course of a very interesting article on "The Alleged Cruelty of Hunting" which is going into Major W. E. Lyon's "Pegasus Book," to be published shortly by Constable, Major Van der Byl enters a protest against killing badgers, a protest with

which I agree most cordially, and I hope that it will have the result of saving poor "brock" from a persecution which is quite uncalled for. Badgers are good friends in many ways to the agriculturist, for they destroy every wasps' nest they come across and they are not hen-roost robbers as a rule. I would urge very strongly that badgers be left in peace in future. Major Van der Byl writes:

The unwritten law of badger digging is that the quarry, when taken, should be put into a sack and weighed, and then released; but there are people in some parts of the country who put the badger in a loose box and turn all the village dogs on to bait it until they and their friends are tired of looking on; the operation being continued day after day. Such barbarity should indeed be strongly dealt with by the local authorities. The only harm that a badger can do to hunting is that it will sometimes reopen an earth which has been stopped. It can only give a very poor run over about one field when hunted, which affords no sport whatever. It seems a shame to persecute them, as I believe they are the only type of British bear which is still extant in these islands.

Miss Compton Collier
MRS. RICHARD AGNEW AND HER DAUGHTER

Mrs. Richard Agnew was Miss Leila Courage and is the daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. "Giles" Courage. Mr. Richard Agnew is a 15th Hussar, as was General Courage, who used to be in the regimental polo team. Mrs. Courage is a daughter of Sir John Hewett, formerly Governor of the United Provinces (India)

No one should buy a Motor Car without a demonstration

IN THESE DAYS when true economy and wise investment are so important, no one should buy a motor car without a thorough demonstration.

What will the car do on hills? How does it get away in traffic? How nearly a top gear car is it? Does the car steer lightly and does it have positive, silent, powerful 4-wheel brakes for safety?

Does the car have an unsplinterable glass windscreen and strong steel body and front and rear bumpers for the safety of its occupants?

Does the car ride comfortably over all kinds of roads? Does it combine swiftness and ease of handling with safety?

What is the car's petrol consumption? What does it cost for insurance? How long will it last? What kind of convenient dealer facilities stand back of it?

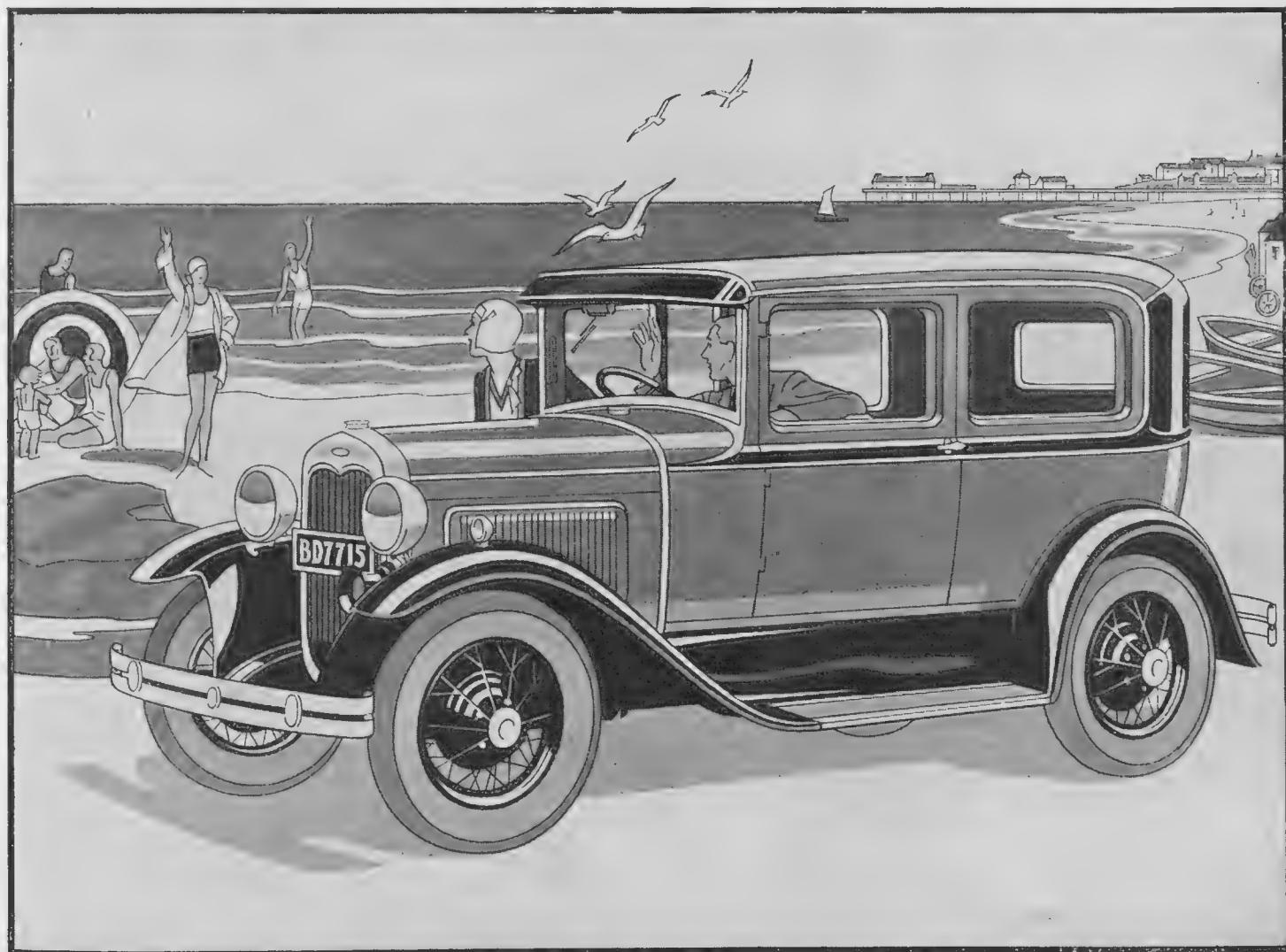
Is the car safe and easy for a woman to handle?

We invite the strictest possible investigation of the new Ford cars. Study their design. The careful workmanship that enters them. The unusual materials and methods that are employed. The sincere dealer attention which Ford owners always command.

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PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASHTON

Free-wheeling.

ONE of the most interesting things that has happened in automobilism for quite a long time is the standardization by one of the largest car manufacturers in the States of the free-wheel as part of its transmission system. The free-wheel, like the silent-third four-speed gear-box which is now so much the rage, is definitely a British invention. Just as the Riley offered the latter principle over twenty years ago—and this is something from which, I believe, it has never departed—so, some years earlier, a free-wheel was tried upon a Swift. It disappeared, not because it was erroneous in principle, but simply that the materials which engineers had at their disposal in those days were not to be compared with what they have available to-day. That fact in itself has put an entirely different complexion upon mechanical affairs. During the last two or three years quite a lot has been heard about free-wheels, and some very promising things have been brought forth. But it has been the same old tale. The new thing, however good it may be, has still been faced with a wall of prejudice to climb. On the one hand the car-owner (quite justifiably) is slow to adopt any "extra" which will render his car "non-standard," and because if it has to be adapted will cost him quite a lot of money. On the other hand, the car manufacturer who is doing good business is loth to depart from existing practice. Both sides of the proposition, therefore, are definitely against any change. But in America competition is so keen that the firm that stands still may be described as having already engaged its reverse. Consequently those who mean to keep their places have got to fight for them. They can only do so by making progress. It is therefore a matter of moment that so old and well-established a concern as the Studebaker Corporation should go in heartily for the free-wheel transmission, should standardize it, and should spend quite a lot of money upon propaganda in its favour. Personally I think they are absolutely right. My own experience with free-wheels covers a mileage of about twenty-five thousand, and my opinion is that if it is a thing which is worth while on a push-bike, it is a thing which is worth even more in a car. It avoids waste of energy; and it does not seem to matter very much whether that energy comes from your muscles or is bought, in the form of fuel, out of your trouserpockets. My own experience is that the properly designed free-wheel not only makes gear-changing, either up or down, a matter of the most extraordinary simplicity (the knack is acquired in a few minutes at most) but that it saves, to a very notable extent, all outgoings in the



THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE AND CAPTAIN L. G. POOLE-WARREN

The car in the background is the one in which Mrs. Victor Bruce drove from Sundsvall to Monte Carlo. Having few further fields to conquer where motoring is concerned, Mrs. Victor Bruce is contemplating an attempt on the endurance flying record of America, and Captain Poole-Warren may be with her on that occasion



Arthur Owen

AT DUNKELD: LADY ASHLEY
En route to the butts at Mrs. de Whitsfield's recent shoot. Lady Ashley, who was Miss Sylvia Hawkes, married Lord Shaftesbury's son and heir in 1927

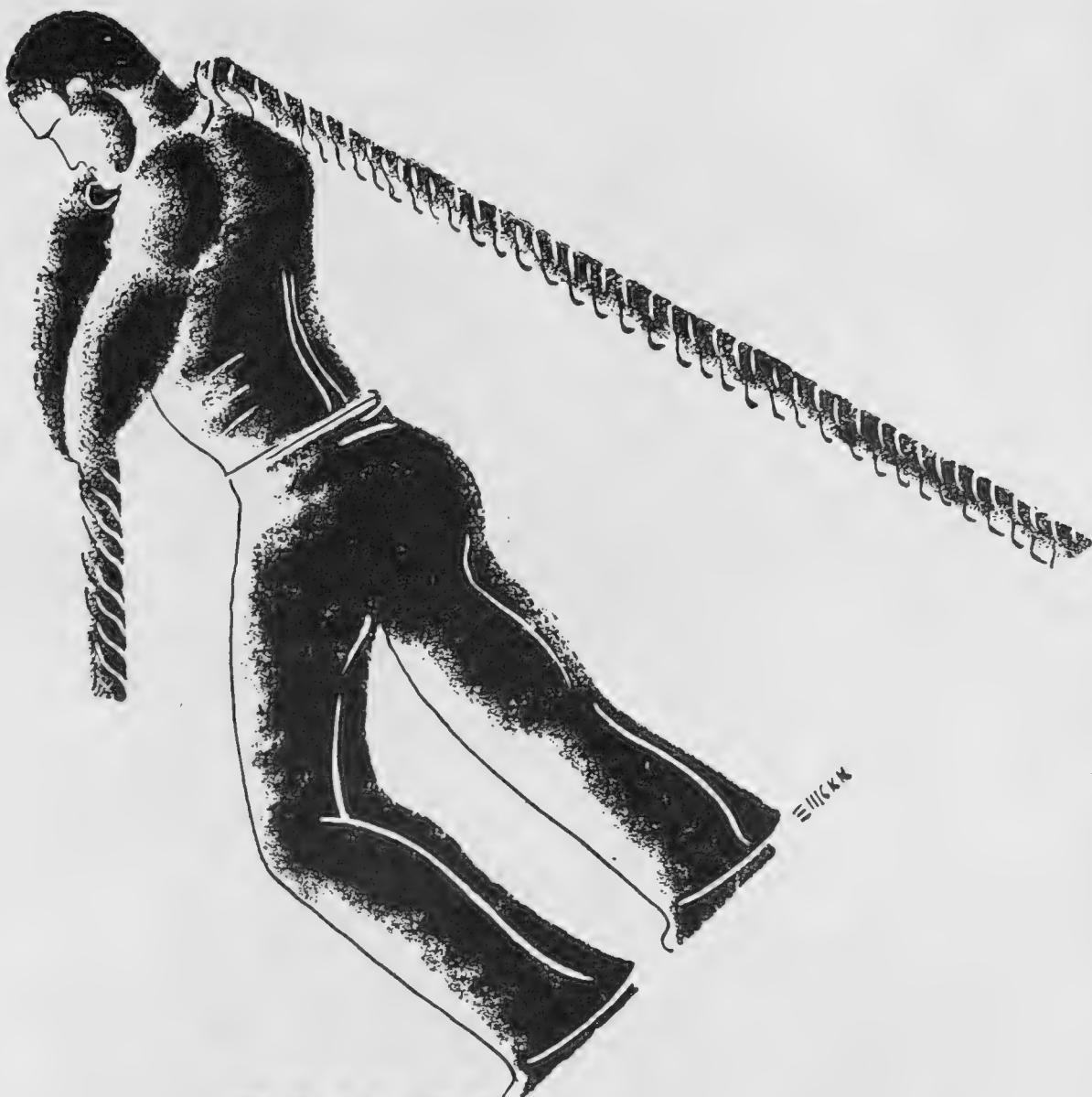
shape of fuel, oil, and tyres. I was told when I first embraced the idea (which seems to me to have an irresistible logic about it) that I should wear my brakes out unduly quickly. I booked for that, but in 10,000 miles on one car I could not find the slightest symptom of difference. Then I made some most careful tests to ascertain to what degree the fixed-drive engine *did* act as a brake, and as a result of these I became convinced that not only is the engine a very bad form of brake (because when used as such it sucks oil into the combustion chambers), but that, in nine cases out of ten, it is not a brake at all. This is a thing that you can easily test for yourself by trying and tuning the brakes, first with the clutch in, and then with the clutch out. All new ideas in motoring take a lot of starting; for so few people really believe in the claims that are made by their fellow fallible mortals. But the free-wheel principle has certainly sold itself to me, and I have not the least doubt that some day in the not-distant future it will be embodied in every car that claims to be up-to-date. The ice having been broken, it will be interesting to see in what various directions it splits.

Fine Stuff.

I suppose that the 16-cylinder Cadillac must be regarded as the last word in American car design. The multiplication of cylinders has been a vogue for many years, but this number is, I take it, the practical limit. There are, I understand, about two of these cars in Great Britain, and the other day I was so fortunate as to find one of them at a golf club, and still happier to learn that it belonged to a pal o' mine, so that I might lift the bonnet and admire all that was within. A beautiful job, my masters, and on the battleship scale. What h.p. this power unit gives I can only guess at, but the car is good for 100 m.p.h. Probably for that reason I found two chromium-plated horns under the bonnet, and another pair outside. The car itself is a masterpiece, but it is only just a car. It is distinctly ponderable, and with its limousine de ville body, which is a revelation in luxury and good looks, comes out at not much under three tons weight. A trifle more and it would be susceptible to a most irritating speed limit, even under the new Act. But it was a thing of great pleasure to behold and to examine in detail. When General Motors Corporation let themselves loose they can produce an amazingly fine job of work. I don't for a moment admit that they can beat us at the same game, but that 16-cylinder Cadillac was certainly impressive. Without doubt it is one of the finest essays in automobile design that has ever been materialized. I was rather glad to hear its owner say that it was "a good car." Even without his opinion I was prepared to have granted that much. But this question of weight limit

(Continued on p. x)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



**FOR
PULL!
USE
SUMMER
SHELL**

"Summer Shell" petrol is specially
blended for summer temperatures.

Sharts



Balmain

Lady Ellen Lambert and Miss Daphne Mulholland, Lord Cavan's step-daughter, exercising patience at North Berwick. Lady Ellen Lambert, who is Lord Cavan's sister, lives near Harpenden, and hunts with the Hertfordshire

IS everybody who takes the trouble to read this page going to be thoroughly shocked at me if I make a confession? Make it I must, and take the consequences. For three weeks—no, nearly four—I have been buried in the country; with a contemptuous gesture have I swept aside any newspaper offered me (unless it had an account of a local pony show or news from Glamis); letters met with no better reception, unless they held prints of the last developed snaps of ponies at shows, ponies (wild or tame) on Exmoor, ponies hanging their heads out of boxes or taking sugar out of somebody's hands, of streams hidden in the moor where you met no trippers—only dippers, or tiny brown trout—and combes where with luck you caught sight of a stag, or maybe a hind and calf. And the result of it all is that of golf I am at this moment as ignorant and innocent as a babe unborn.

Almost anything may have happened in the golfing world; beyond a faint rumour that the Open is to have a qualifying round next year, no whisper has broken the silence.

However, there is hope; here I am *en route* by slow stages for London, where there will be plenty of kind friends ready to instruct me in all that has occurred while I have been holiday-making, and then, my golfing mind cultivated once more, it will be time to start doing something about my golfing body too. It is wonderful what redoubled keenness comes over you after a real rest from the game; at this minute I have visions of daily visits to nearby courses, one club practice, perhaps a lesson or two in the shakiest departments, a little putting on the carpet each evening. And then some really friendly games with indulgent folk of lower handicap than my own present one; perhaps a

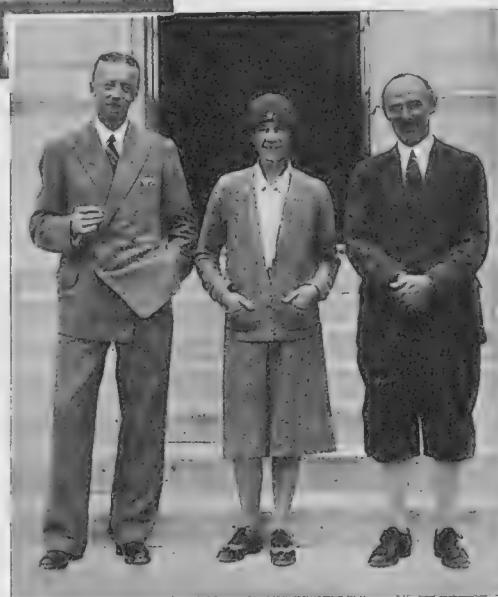
THE GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIP
The closing date for entries has been extended to August 28



P. O. Collier

A new golfing rendezvous: The attractive Georgian club-house of the Calcot Golf Club just outside Reading. The course, which is over 6,500 yards in length and was designed by Mr. Colt, was (semi-officially) opened on August 1, and is already in surprisingly good condition

bering to follow through so that club-head as well as ball travels straight for the hole, the face square to the line of run. Above all, I will keep my body motionless, my head down. What noble precepts, what unimpeachable sentiments. Which, if any, shall I succeed in carrying out?



P. O. Collier
At Calcot Golf Club: Major Sullivan, the secretary (formerly secretary at Stoke Poges), Mrs. John Greenly, the first lady captain, and Major C. B. Krabbe, the captain. Mrs. Greenly's husband, Colonel J. H. M. Greenly, is chairman of the board

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

glimmering of old form, an open meeting or two, perchance; even a lowering of that handicap, even the winning of a net prize. Who knows? My handicap is much larger than it used to be; if only my wretched . . . And then the severely critical half of me, which has seen so many fair hopes dashed around me, has watched so many golfers full of enthusiasm even as myself fail to win so much as a monthly eclectic, has cried with the preacher that all is vanity, takes out a large metaphorical blue pencil and crosses out "if only." Yes, *if only* is an utterly rotten expression, and a still rotter attitude to golf. The poet may have been unduly optimistic who wrote, "We may be always what we might have been"; he certainly was not a golfer, for golfers know only too well that chances do not come twice, and that she who misses a yard putt for her championship will very likely never have another championship within a mile of her winning. What we want to do is to expunge "if only" altogether from our vocabulary; we have missed the chance and there is an end of it, and the less we say about it or think about it the better for all concerned.

So perhaps that had better be the text on which I start golf again, "No 'if onlys' admitted." With that attitude of stern Calvinism which makes no excuses, which never looks back, I shall try to mingle some concrete resolutions. I will swing easily at first, and not begin to try and hit until I am back again in some sort of practice, and when I do, it shall be with a downward swing which starts well behind my right shoulder and not above it. So much for wood. With the irons I will be

steady on my feet; there shall be a distinct pause at the top of the back swing and my arms shall come right through straight in front of me at the finish of the shot so that the toe of the club points to the hole.

Now for my crucial point, the mashies. I will swing the club sufficiently and slowly, back as well as up, and there shall be a real pause at the top so that the club can come down faster than it went up. I WILL NOT jab and stab and snatch, for that way lies disaster. And on the green I will swing low and slow and smoothly, remem-

A voyage of enchantment



COLD CREAM before retiring. Perfumed with Attar of Roses. Pots 1/6. 2/6, and in Tubes, 1/-.



"4711"
EAU DE COLOGNE
in various sizes from
2/6 to 56/- per bottle.

VANISHING CREAM
for day use. Perfumed
with "4711". In Pots
2/-, and in Tubes 1/-.

COMPACT POWDER.
Perfumed with "Tosca".
In all fashionable shades
at 2/- each. Refills 1/6.

A keen lover of the great outdoors—afloat or ashore. A keen lover of the enchanting "4711" genuine Eau de Cologne! Used in bath and washing basin, inhaled when feeling hot or tired, "4711" keeps her ever fresh and invigorated.

And she is just as keen on the delightful "4711" Quality Toiletries—Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Tosca Compact Powder, and all the other dainty beauty aids of "4711" repute. To their regular use she owes her soft clear skin and her glorious complexion.

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ARE EASILY RECOGNISED BY
THE BLUE AND GOLD LABEL.



Genuine Eau de Cologne

The Perilous Night

By C. THURLEY
STONEHAM



"Chui faced them snarling, sheltering the cub between her front feet"

THE she leopard approached the boma stealthily. A bright moon hung, like a Chinese lantern, behind the tree-tops, the night was brightly lit and hunting a risky affair. The boma in which the sheep and calves were confined was approached by a number of small trails through the scrub bush. Chui well knew that a native herdsman slept with his charges, but her lightning-like onslaught would give him small chance to intervene between her and her prey. In the shadows she stopped to grunt reassuringly to her cub concealed among the thickets behind her. The curious noise, like that of a hand-saw upon hard timber, carried afar through the night, but was yet strangely unalarming. It blended with the sough of the wind and the hoarse chorus of the frogs down at the swamp, and was little likely to be noticed by inattentive ears. It was reassuring to the cub; a deep, strong message of protective love from the powerful guardian he relied upon.

The cub was young for these expeditions. A pale, fluffy kitten, with eyes still innocent and legs a trifle shaky on a long trail, he was a continual source of anxiety to his mother, whose attention was distracted from the work at hand by the knowledge of his dangerous inexperience. The hyenas, her inveterate enemies, were always at hand, and though they would hardly dare to molest the cub under its mother's nose, they would not neglect an opportunity of running off with it should accident overtake her. This responsibility made her doubly careful of the hazards of the chase. The old male leopard had fallen a victim to a hunter's rifle a month ago, since when the burden of providing food for herself and the litter had fallen upon his young mate. The litter was now reduced to the one toddling survivor that lurked in the thicket.

Who had robbed the den in her absence, murdering all but one of its inmates, Chui did not know, but she suspected the pair of large spotted hyenas that kept her company on most of her forays.

They were with her now, slipping furtively through the bush on either side, careful to keep at a safe distance but incredibly impudent in their mocking air of expectancy. She knew that when she emerged from the boma with a sheep in her mouth they would endeavour to snatch pieces of it as she fled, taking advantage of her inability to punish them for their temerity.

When she stopped, they stopped, watching her with alert, malicious eyes. Her lips writhed back in a soundless snarl as she cursed them, but they were unabashed; they knew she could not attack them without jeopardizing the success of her venture. It was these devils who forced her to burden herself with the presence of the cub; she dared not leave it alone in the cave at the mercy of the murderers.

Delicately she stepped out into the moonlight on the circle of bare earth surrounding the boma. Thorny bush had been

strewn about; there was but one path for her tender pads, and unhesitatingly she entered upon it.

Suddenly there was a sharp clang and something struck at her from the dust. In an instant she was in mid-air snapping and striking at the thing that held to her hind leg with powerful jaws. At the top of her spring she was jerked down on to her back, where for a moment she fought desperately, a raging, snarling fury, forgetful of caution; then sounds of movement and alarm within the boma brought her to her senses. She dashed away into the bush, stumbling and falling, dragging a great acacia bough behind her at the length of the trap chain. This fearful pursuer enraged and frightened her. She whirled and attacked it savagely, but the moment she turned it was quiescent—an ordinary piece of bush that filled her mouth and paws with thorns when she grappled with it.

Gradually she became reconciled to her predicament. By some means she had become entangled with these inanimate objects, but it was useless trying to get free at the moment. Her first and most important need was to get herself and her cub away from the vicinity of the hornets' nest she had aroused. Steadily towing the lumbering branch behind her she went in search of the cub, grunting reassuringly despite the pain in her leg at every wrench of the heavy trap. The little fellow emerged from the bush at her call. He nuzzled her eagerly, mewing plaintively. But Chui had no time to waste upon suckling him. The danger was urgent and imperative. With slow, determined step she headed for the hills and safety.

Circling her with strange scoldings and chucklings, a hundred yards distant, came the hyenas. Scared by the sudden uproar at the boma, they had now returned to investigate, and it did not take them long to discover that all was not well with the leopard. The scent of fresh blood was in the dust of her trail; she moved painfully as though badly wounded; it appeared that only patience would be required to make her their prey.

Out across the moonlit veldt the grim procession passed—tormented mother, fretful cub, and the two grey ghouls that followed. The dragging, bounding thorn bough puzzled the hyenas; they could not understand the connection between the labouring progress of the leopard and this moving bush. Prudence dictated caution in dealing with these inexplicable matters.

The moon was waning when Chui reached the foothills and began her painful climb up to the security of the forest. The way was rocky, scored with steep dongas and tangled growth; and here the cumbersome drag began to cause trouble. It caught and jammed at each bend in the trail, necessitating sudden plungings and twistings of the tortured beast before she could free its clinging thorns from their hold. Her leg bled freely; the iron teeth of the trap rasped against the bone at every movement.

(Continued on p. iv)

B R A D L E Y S

PARK 1200

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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E.
BROOKE



Pale blue satin united with blue is present in this quilted wrapper from Walpole Brothers. The breakfast or dressing jacket is of pale blue satin enriched with frills of narrow lace. (See p. ii)

Invitations by Air Mail.

THE invitations to Selfridge's (Oxford Street) display of autumn fashions on the hanging roof garden were sent from Paris by air mail, as it was there that the representatives had gone to collect the cream of the collections in that city, and to dispatch them by air mail to London. Here are some of the interesting facts which they gleaned. Chanel is extensively using a tricot which has the appearance of jersey stockinette; in many of the dresses the figures have a pushed-up effect, like those seen in Kate Greenaway's pictures; the draperies fall straight to the hems. Some of the dresses were reminiscent of those seen in C. B. Cochran's *Bitter Sweet*. Patou has shown his preference for the Empire period, and a much modified bustle; the leg-of-mutton sleeve has been revived, and fingerless mittens have come to the fore. Separate sleeves of the same material as the dresses are a novelty; they button at the wrist, and there is a hiatus of several inches between the armholes and the sleeves.

* * *

Something Different in Furs.

Pony skin has become so soft and silky that it is almost impossible to differentiate it from broadtail; it is the price that varies. At Selfridge's parade was shown a lovely black pony-skin coat with silver fox collar and melon sleeves for £99, then a Persian lamb coat, enriched with mink, was £250. A decidedly novel note was struck in a coat of natural flank musquash; the pelts were worked in vandykes; this was particularly effective, and the cost was only £37. Endowed with a wonderful air of distinction was a black-faced cloth coat; it had a high waist-line, and was slightly pouched at the back, Persian lamb being used for decorative purposes. The majority of the coats had a slight fall-over or bolster effect. In striking contrast to this coat was one of black-and-white check tweed; it was piped with black and reinforced with a Persian lamb collar. There were several bottle-green coats, a colour for which there seems likely to be a vogue. Standing out with prominence in the realm of decorative wrap-coats was one of platinum-grey pony-skin cloth; it

was trimmed with black fur, a very important feature being the medieval angel sleeves. In a coat of black-stamped velvet the redingote influence was plainly discernible.

Cleverly Put Together.

"Cleverly put together" are the best words to describe the dresses and ensembles at Selfridge's; they have come hot-foot from Paris. A Bernard model was carried out in Mayer's madiana argenté of a dull red shade flecked with beige. The bolero effect was emphasized with soft revers; the neck-line and sleeves at the wrists were edged with red, beige, and blue Petersham, and then without any apparent object pieces of this ribbon were inserted at the arm-hole seams. Molyneux sent a simple golden-brown velvet dress; in style it was reminiscent of the dresses worn in the Cromwellian days. Black georgette made an afternoon dress; the bolero was decorated with tiny tucks; they also appeared on the skirt with pleats below them, the scheme being completed with a hanging écrù lace vest. Black and white will be on the crest of the wave this season, varied in the evening by golden-brown shades, turquoise tints, raspberry pinks, and Molyneux shrimp shades.

* * *

Concerning Evening Dresses.

Naturally there were many lovely evening dresses in Selfridge's collection. A very striking model was carried out in the new brocaded satin; the narrow shoulder straps were of velvet leaves and the skirt was arranged with godets; hence it was apparently moulded over the hips, the flairs beginning when the bend of the leg was

(Continued on p. ii)

It is of tricoline, a fabric that wears and washes extremely well, that these pyjamas are made. They are sold practically everywhere, and are available in many colour schemes

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Hurrell

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Drying winds and bright sunshine will soon parch the skin and relax its tissues. Tan and sunburn pave the way for lines and wrinkles. Elizabeth Arden counsels the use of these preparations to safeguard your skin and keep it smooth and lovely.

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sunburn and freckling. White, Cream, Naturelle, Special Rachel, Spanish Racnel, Ocre and the smart bronze shades. 6/6, 10/6

AMORETTA CREAM—A delicate vanishing cream, fine and fragrant. Keeps the skin soft and smooth, prevents roughness and sunburn. 4/6, 8/6

LILLE LOTION—Smooths and refines the skin, leaves a silky finish, flattering for day or evening. Prevents windburn, sunburn and redness. 5/6

VENETIAN BLEACHINE CREAM—

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ROME

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

passed. Gladioli-red horsehair lace and net were used for a veritable triumph of the dressmaker's art; flounces appeared on the skirt and a small cape on the shoulders. And then there "passed," as it is technically called, a princess dress expressed in faille with horizontal insertion of lace. Another model in the palest lily-of-the-valley-leaf-green net and faille was of a similar character, the shoulder-straps being tied in two cravat bows. The modish elongated bustle effect was present in a poult-de-soie dress; it was warmly applauded.

Leave It to Selfridge.

It is often overlooked the hundred and one ways in which Selfridge's are delighted to come to the aid of those in difficulties. It may be such a simple thing as filling a fountain pen, or a button may have come off; the pen will be filled and the button sewn on free of charge. Should travelling be the trouble the travel bureau must be rung up; they will secure tickets, reserve seats, suggest tours, and engage rooms. The information bureau will reply to the most difficult questions as well as render assistance. Men as well as women would do well to take for their motto, "When in doubt consult Selfridge," for which there is no fee.

Simple Evening Frocks.

There is a wonderful fascination about the evening frocks that may be seen in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.; to them must be given the credit of the veritable triumph of the dressmaker's art pictured on the right on this page. As will be seen, it represents the newest version of the picture genre and is expressed in parchment-tinted net; the raised *motifs* are of gathered Valenciennes lace, and the basque is a miniature cape, and of it one may become the possessor for 8½ guineas. Wonderful value is likewise to be encountered in the Inexpensive Dress Department; for instance, for 7½ guineas there is a frock of cardinal-red georgette; it is hemmed with velvet, the scheme being completed with a coatee of the latter fabric. There is a variety of dresses carried out in chine taffetas for the same price. Again, there are the chiffon tweed coat-frocks that are just right for early autumn wear and are ideal backgrounds for furs.

Wrappers and Nighties.

Nowhere are more charming boudoir wrappers to be seen than at Walpole Brothers', 89, New Bond Street, Kensington High Street, and Sloane Street; as the colour schemes are artistic it is to be regretted that it is only possible to reproduce the garments in black and white. There is much to please in the quilted dressing-gown pictured on p. 422, it is of a delicate blue shade outlined with pale pink; it is 7 guineas. Then there is the blue satin jacket, warmly interlined; the edges are scalloped and the frills are of narrow lace; it is 89s. 9d. Attention must also be drawn to the Japanese silk English-quilted dressing-gowns, and although they wash extremely well they are only 69s. 6d. A feature is here made of hand-made night-dresses for 25s. 9d.; they are of silk crêpe de chine trimmed with lace.

A Pleasant Reduction.

Everyone will be pleased to hear that Courtaulds' Xantha has had its price reduced to 4s. 11½d. per yard; it is 48–49 in. wide and is a high-grade knitted fabric with a rayon stripe; it is ideal for underwear. On p. 422 may be seen two garments that look extremely well when expressed in this material—after innumerable washings its soft texture and delicate colourings remain unimpaired; it is sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining it application must be made to Courtaulds, 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C., who will send the name and address of the nearest agent.

Tricoline Pyjamas.

Tricoline for men's wear is so well known that it is unnecessary to dwell on its manifold advantages; there are shirts, collars, and pyjamas, to say nothing about the weathercoats for both men and women; they are rainproof, yet porous, cool, and light. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there are Tricoline pyjamas for women, one of which finds pictorial expression on p. 422. They are available in a variety of colour schemes; emphasis must be laid on the fact that they wash and wear extremely well. They are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Tricoline, 17, Watling Street, E.C., who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.

Good News.

The makers of Pond's Beauty Preparations announce a reduction in the price of their new skin freshener which they recently introduced as companion to their vanishing and cold creams. It applies to the two larger sizes only, which are reduced from 5s. 6d. and 3s. to 4s. and 2s. 6d., the smallest size remaining at 1s.



Picture by Blake
A DEBUTANTE'S EVENING DRESS

Carried out in parchment-tinted net. The hip yoke, an important feature, is a miniature replica of the cape. The motifs, arranged with artistic negligence, are of narrow Valenciennes lace. It may be seen in the Parisian model department at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W.

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The Perilous Night—continued

In a shallow donga among a jumble of rocks Chui stopped to rest. She examined the iron horror that bit at her leg and lay down determinedly to bite herself free. But her powerful jaws made no impression upon the still more powerful jaws that held her. She licked the swollen flesh where the iron gripped. The pain was an intolerable, fiery ache which would not be appeased.

A spell of madness came upon her, when she leapt and tore at bush and trap until the watchful hyenas removed themselves to a safer distance and the cub crouched trembling under a rock in terrified amazement. That flurry left her spent and despairing. Her struggles had securely wedged the bough between two rocks from which she could not dislodge it; and now she was a captive at the end of a 10-ft. trek chain which was unbreakable. She lay resting on her side, panting with exhaustion.

The moon sank slowly down the sky and the first chill dawn wind rustled the grasses. The two hyenas came down into the donga to stand gazing at the motionless leopard. Emboldened by her stillness, one of them approached the cub. Chui flew at it like a fury, and only extreme agility enabled it to escape out of range. Both loathsome beasts made off at once, but finding they were not pursued, they soon turned and began to taunt their pursuer with ghoulish laughter. That terrible hilarity sounded a death-knell in the leopard's ears. She knew her own helplessness and the unrelenting patience of the scavengers. Well might they laugh at her plight; she was meat for their ravenous stomachs sooner or later.

With the calmness of desperation she called the cub to her and suckled it, licking its soft fluffy fur as it drank. It was the last meal she would be able to provide, and some instinct bade her give while yet she was able. Her big yellow eyes gazed at the rocks about her. A wild, savage spot, unmerciful and forbidding in the cold silver light, but dear to her with the remembrance of long familiarity. In such a place she had been born and here she would die, her keen eyes dulled with dust, her swollen tongue protruding from helpless jaws, her beautiful glossy coat ripped and torn by the vile fangs of her enemies. The cub would not leave her. It, too, would fall a prey to the hyenas, too young for fight or escape.

The hyenas were now within a few yards of her, strutting to and fro upon the tips of their toes, uttering mocking, obscene noises. One came behind her and nipped at her hind-quarter. With a roar she spun round to strike, but the restraining chain checked her effort and she collapsed ignominiously in the dust. The hyenas stood just out of reach shrieking with unholy glee. They understood what had happened now.

The leopard was like a tethered goat, unable to attack or escape, and they were safe in baiting it at close range. Chui faced them snarling, sheltering the cub between her front feet.

Again one of them worked round behind her, and she was now threatened with attack from two sides simultaneously. They would snatch the cub from her sooner or later and devour it before her eyes. The little fellow was aware of the danger; he was spitting and snarling in imitation of his mother, pressing his shrinking body close to her legs.

In her extremity Chui longed for a tree into which she could climb. The leopard's last refuge is in height. Were she even a few feet above the ground she would be safe until thirst and loss of blood brought her tumbling down at the mercy of her enemies. Her desperate gaze lit upon a large boulder embedded in the earthy bank of the donga. Its top was a scant 5 ft. above the ground, a poor refuge from her agile foes, but it would at least protect her from a concerted attack. Eagerly she grasped the cub in her mouth and made her leap, but the shortened chain pulled her back. Her front paws struck the jagged top of the rock, and for a moment she hung there, tearing at it desperately; then the mighty mass, disturbed in its age-long bed, tilted slowly forward towards her. Her hind feet, trailing upon the ground, felt the increasing pressure of the toppling stone, but the trap became wedged beneath it, stopping its forward roll. Down upon the long steel spring descended that massive bulk; compressing it to its utmost. The cruel jaws dropped limply open and Chui was free.

She fell back upon the ground helplessly, not realizing for a moment what had happened to her; and in that instant the hyenas jumped upon her from either side. Their snarling jaws gashed her flanks, rousing her to fury incarnate. With one bound she was on her feet, a devil of unrestrained fighting energy. The hyenas leapt clear, facing her with laughing jaws, but to their horrified amazement no dragging chain checked her lightning rush. Fierce fangs and ripping claws were upon them before they could escape. The dog hyena was caught and killed in an instant. He rolled clear, struggling in his death agony, throat and belly gaping wide. His mate was half way up the donga's bank when the spotted terror descended upon her with the speed of a whirlwind. In five seconds she had received a dozen dreadful wounds, and her jerking body was lying in the dust beside her mate.

Then Chui took the heavy cub in her mouth and climbed steadily up towards the green line of the forest. The dawn-wind fanned her tired body as she went, while below her on the shadowy veld the waking birds sent up a paean of praise for the beauty of the dawn and the life that was in them.



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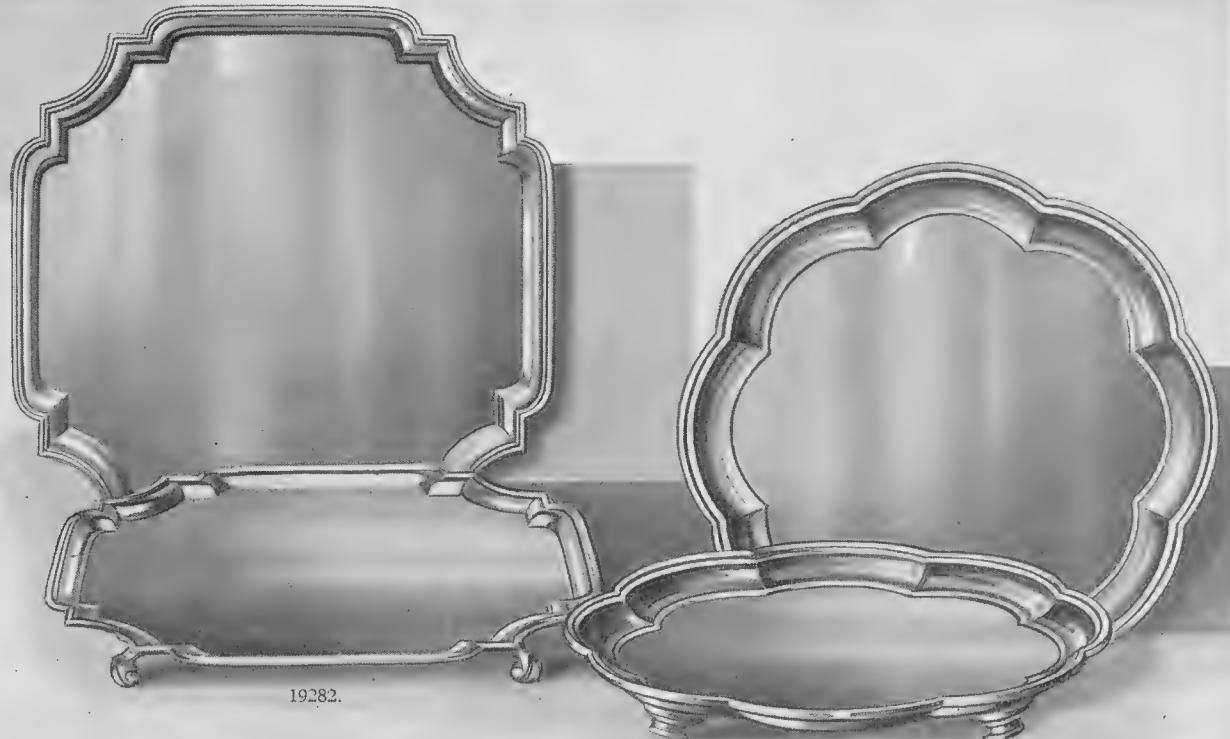
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Whispering into the "Iron Ear"

By EAMON GARRY

ASK any person who has appeared before the microphone, they will tell you that the "iron ear" has the most deflating effect on personal conceit. That small metal box seems so coldly superior that priests and princes become nonentities before its supercilious gaze. For that reason the experienced radio artist cultivates a microphone technique which, in addition to giving the art of the artist a final polish, also gives the artist a less degree of inferiority complex.

Take the case of Miss Barbara Austen, the well-known Welsh-Canadian soprano, whose recent television performance was her 1,000th microphone appearance. Miss Austen has reduced radio art to a fine science, and the millions who have listened-in to her have been surprised at the mellowness of tone that she secures even on those famous above-C top-notes. Miss Austen's secret is simple. Knowing that every soprano voice is the microphone's greatest enemy, because its high-frequencies impose a severe challenge on its delicate mechanism, Miss Austen has developed a technique that makes her voice and the "iron ear" perfectly good friends. Instead of standing still at a fixed distance from the "mike," she adjusts her position according to the frequencies of the note she is due to sing.

For low chest register passages she will take a step nearer to the microphone. Low *pianissimo* notes she will whisper into the "iron ear" with her lips almost touching its metal lobe. When upper notes come she turns her head away, varying distances of inclination determined by the varying power and brilliance of the note. When she has to sing a shrill *forte* top-note which in ordinary circumstances would shiver any "mike" to pieces, she swings right away from it, turning on her heel and with her back to the instrument. The result of this carefully studied technique is that listeners-in are not jarred by a buzzing note and the recording engineer is not worried by eccentric frequencies. There is an even quality about the song, and by means of this technique Miss Austen is able to sing songs of extreme range.

This question of microphone technique is now being taken up by all wise B.B.C. artists, and the B.B.C. are doing everything to encourage it. I hear that the B.B.C. may yet open a class in microphone technique through which radio aspirants will have to pass before being put "on the air." This is a subject which I know to be near the heart of Mr. Pedro Tillett, one of the B.B.C. officials who are responsible for programme building, and Sir John Reith himself is keenly in favour of microphonic training for all who have aspirations as radio artists.

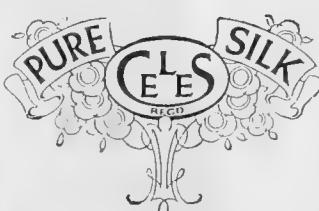
It is Sir John Reith who has made it possible for the advanced students of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art to take a course of microphonic training. I spent an interesting afternoon at the academy recently to see and hear all about this, the only radio lesson given in any such academy in this country. It was the happy idea of Mr. Kenneth R. Barnes, principal of the academy, and which found instant and practical support from Sir John Reith, who is never slow to appreciate cultural necessities in connection with radio. Sir John accordingly presented and had installed at the academy a complete microphonic outfit, including the loud-speaker which is placed in the principal's room. The "mike" is in the chief studio at the academy where the plays are staged. Between the two rooms is a speaking-tube.

Students who have passed all the phases of dramatic art are eligible for "the B.B.C. class." There they are given a groundwork in microphone technique, taught "the tricks of the mike," discover the danger-spots in speech, master the menace of the sibilant and the final hard consonant, as well as acquire the finesse of radio dialogue.

In addition to equipping the academy with the necessary apparatus, the B.B.C. conduct the classes, and to that end have appointed Mr. Peter Cresswell, an official with both announcing and radio-engineering experience, to direct the course of instruction and examine the students. Each year the B.B.C. give £30 in prizes to the students, and Sir John Reith has undertaken to give each prize-winner every opportunity to develop into a professional radio star. Several of the academy graduates are now microphone favourites with millions of listeners, including Kathryn Hines, who was one of the prize-winners and is now with the B.B.C. Permanent Repertory Company, as well as Gladys Young and Andrew Churchman.

This class has now been in existence four years, and in addition to discovering radio artists has assisted the students in their diction as dramatic artists. Principal Barnes pointed out to me that while the radio does not want stagey speech it teaches stage artists how to secure dramatic control in speech. "Impure vowels and slurred consonants might get over the footlights but would be revealed by the microphone, which insists on distinct articulation," he explained. "Nasal or harsh tones are accentuated by the microphone, which is the most revealing agency of faulty speech in existence." Microphone technique aids the artists to provide that essential timbre and tone without loss of carrying power. It is based on vocal control. It enables the artist to establish that essential difference between stage and radio appearances without sacrificing necessary emotional appeal in the performance. It is the medium for securing emotion without motion.

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"I SHOULD like to express my keen appreciation of the wonderful tonic effects of Phosferine. I have found it invaluable during days of strenuous rehearsal and the playing of heavy parts at night. I have never found any remedy soothe jangled nerves so gratefully as Phosferine. I can heartily recommend it to all nervous sufferers as a genuine and wholesome remedy."

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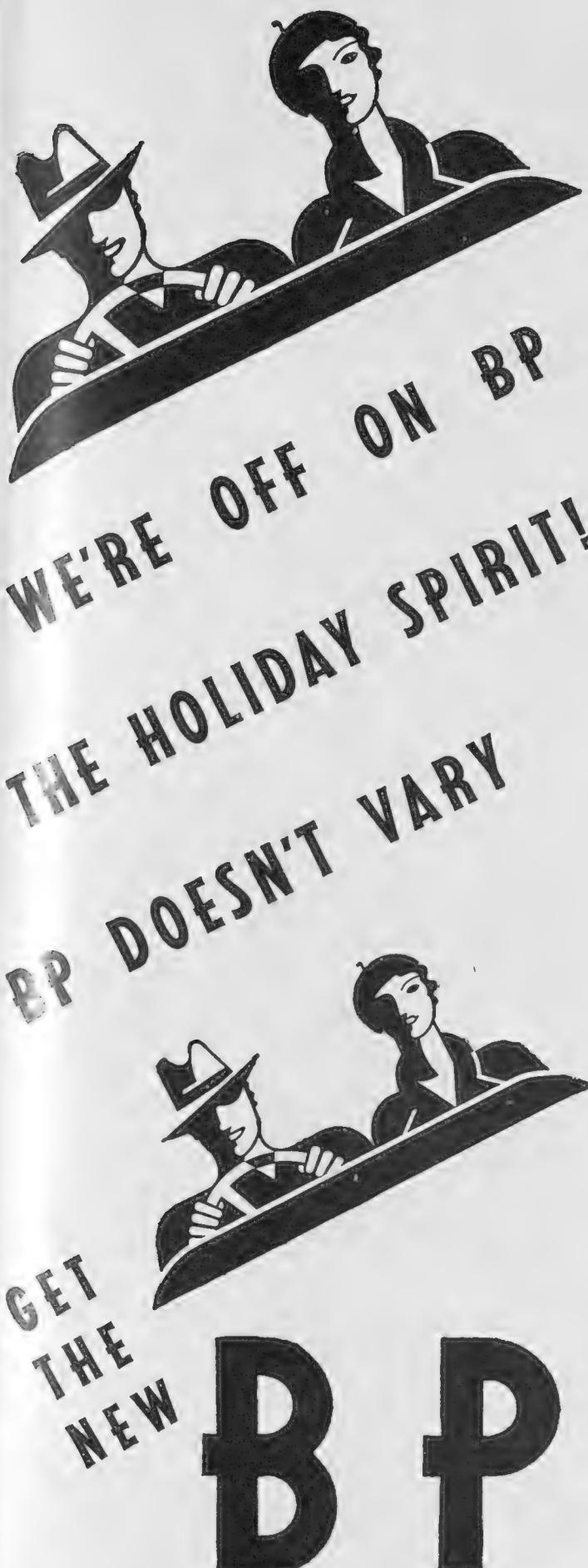
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Aldwych



MRS. IRIS R. METCALFE *Mannell*

Who is shortly to marry Mr. Raymond Frank Horley. She is the elder daughter of the late Mr. Edwin Healey. The wedding will take place in Cairo

Next Month.

On September 20 Mr. J. F. C. Glover and Miss Constance Elwes are being married very quietly at Woolbeding Church; another quiet wedding is that between Mr. Edward Geoffrey De Gorham Holmes and Miss Hilda McLean Dymock, which takes place at All Souls', Langham Place, on the 24th; on the same day Captain C. E. L. Watkins, M.C., K.O.Y.L.I., and Miss A. B. Evans, The Rise, Dawlish, are being married at Port Said; and on the 30th Mr. Raymond Berresford Pakenham, the Border Regiment, will marry Miss Sheila Mason at Skipton Parish Church.

* * *

Marrying Abroad.

Mr. Paul T. Graham, the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Graham of Chipstead, Surrey, and Miss Doreen Beste, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Beste of Streatham, are being married early in November at Valparaiso.

Weddings and Engagements



MR. AND MRS. DAVID DENT

Who were married on July 24. Mr. David Dent is the second son of Sir Francis Dent, and his wife was formerly Miss Marjorie Diana Cohen, and is the only daughter of the late Mr. Naph Cohen of Johannesburg and Mrs. Montague J. Mostyn of Molino del Rey, Spain

MISS JEAN GARLAND *Dorothy Wilding*

The daughter of the late Mr. Charles Garland of Moreton Hall, who is marrying Mr. A. Smith Bingham, 15th Hussars, early next month

Recently Engaged.

Paymaster Lieut.-Commander Garnet H. Wise, R.N., H.M.S. *Malaya*, the son of the late F. Wise, R.N., and Mrs. Wise of Herne Bay, Kent, and Miss Eve (Goo) Blackstone, the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Blackstone of Ringwood, Hants; Mr. Maurice Heuston FitzGerald, the East Yorkshire Regiment, the youngest son of the late Mr. Michael Vincent and Mrs. FitzGerald of Dun Laoghaire, Dublin, and Miss Nora Mennig, the youngest daughter of Mr. C. W. Henry Mennig and the late Mrs. Mennig of North Finchley.

In last week's issue we published a photograph of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. A. R. C. Fleming. The acknowledgment underneath the photograph should have been Alexander Corbett, 48, Baker Street, W.1, and not Hay Wrightson as we stated in error.

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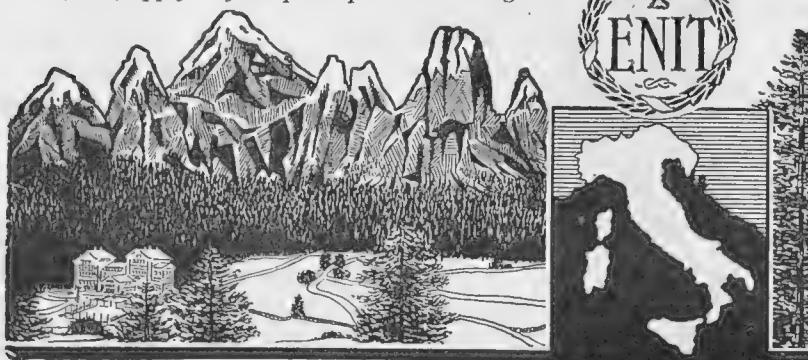
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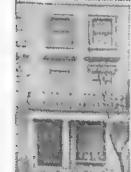
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Petrol Vapour—continued

gives one something to think about; it invites the question, are cars too heavy? Dear old De Hane Segrave once took me for a short run in a motor-car which more nearly approached the railway locomotive than anything which I have ever known. "The strictly legal limit for this machine," he said, "is 12 m.p.h., and I believe it ought to be painted on the side. But—I—think—you'll—agree—that—the—thing—can—shift!" Shift it certainly could, but it tipped the beam at a little over three ton five, and it was therefore a lorry within the meaning of the Act.

A Thruster.

For the small car I have rarely had much use, so long as it was small in the dimensions of its body accommodation, because if it were too small I simply could not get into it. But there are exceptions, and of these the 10-h.p. Swift saloons is surely one. It has no great wheel-base, but the carriage department has been so well designed that there is ample room for my long legs in either compartment. A natty little saloon in which every line suggests speed, and in which, also, nothing is obtained under false pretences. This car can go like the dickens. Over my well-calculated half-mile course on the flat it did 58 m.p.h.—and this with the most harmless-looking side-valve engine of 9·7 rating. Such a power plant cannot be silent, but the sound that it produces is not unpleasant. Indeed I would say that it was distinctly quiet. There is a joyous burble coming from the exhaust, but it is so clean and so clear that you could not possibly take exception to it. As for performance, well that is really extraordinary. It is something new to me to average 40 m.p.h. over give-and-take country, and find, at the end of it, that the petrol consumption was worked out at exactly twenty-five miles to the gallon. And that with three up and two dogs.



THEIR SECOND SINGER CAR

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught taking delivery of their new Singer Super-Six at the company's show-rooms, Piccadilly. On the left is Mr. W. E. Bullock, managing director of the company, explaining details of the engine. Note the exclusive Springbok mascot. Prince Arthur of Connaught was, of course, formerly Governor-General of South Africa

Motor Notes and News

It is often said that the products of the British motor industry are not "suited" to the peculiar conditions of the Empire overseas. The workmanship, it is generally admitted, is excellent, but the design is said to be "wrong!" Furthermore, our Colonial critics are frequently ready with chapter and verse to show just how unsuitable the British motor-car is. Occasionally they will grant that one or two models might be satisfactory, but they are usually emphatic that the small high-speed engine—alleged to be the result of our particular form of taxation—is entirely and completely unsuitable for "Colonial" purposes. Very few of us have any first-hand knowledge of motoring conditions in such places as South Africa, India, or Australia, and we are therefore obliged to accept the opinions of others on this matter. But we may, perhaps, be permitted occasionally to wonder whether our mentors are not the victims of a sort of parrot cry. If they are entirely correct it is curious that a team of Triumph Super Sevens—just the type of vehicle which they decry—should rout all comers in the recent Australian R.A.C. Trial. This time these three little cars secured first, second, and fourth places.

As the result of our recent reference to the handy "Cruising Guide" which has recently been published by John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., primarily for the assistance of owners of their motor-boats or engines, the firm have received such a great number of applications from other yachtsmen that they have been in rather a dilemma how to best conserve their necessarily limited supply of these. Rather than disappoint applicants they have decided to supply copies to owners of other boats or engines at the nominal price of half-a-crown, which is less than their actual cost. Applications for copies, accompanied by cheque or postal order, should be addressed to John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., Marine Department, Thornycroft House, Smith Square, Westminster, S.W.1.



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Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and

clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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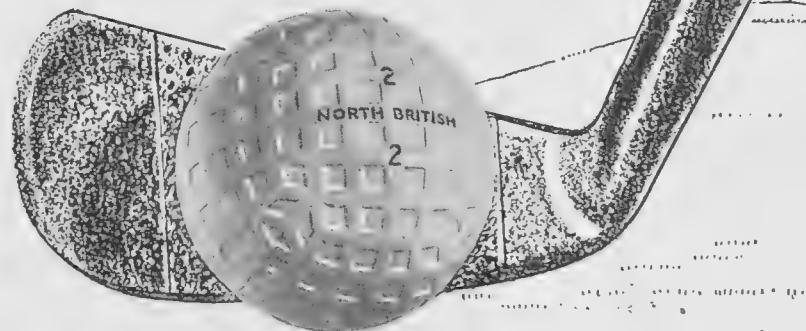
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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Our members judging at the Kennel Club Show on October 8 are Mrs. Amps, Afghans; Mrs. Fullerton, Chows; Mrs. Wingfield Digby, Keeshonds; Lady Fowler, King Charles Spaniels; Miss Doxford, Salukis; Mrs. Wetwan, Pomeranians; Mrs. Jameson Higgens, Cockers. At the Scottish K.C. Show held on October 1 in Edinburgh Miss Bowring judges Shetland Sheepdogs; Lady Faudel-Phillips, Chows; and Mrs. Vlasto, Borzois.

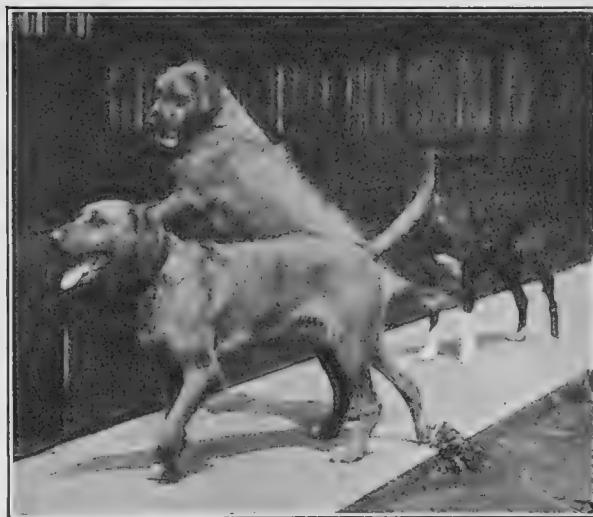
Mrs. Gunning has lately been moving, and finds she must reduce her always large family of dogs. She has five Cairn bitches for sale for pets, quite cheap; she says, "They're all house-trained and are all darlings." She wishes to give away a Keeshond dog and an Airedale bitch; the Keeshond must go to a country home, where he will have plenty of exercise. Miss Lane wishes

to give away a brown poodle bitch on breeding terms. Poodles are the most brainy of dogs and are therefore always interesting to own.

Mrs. Spence has also moved her home and now lives at Ullswater. She writes: "I have largely come to this part of the world because it is such a good centre for the Lakeland Terriers, and mine are next winter going to hunt regularly with the Ullswater Foxhounds, and by this means I hope always to preserve the sporting instincts of these little dogs." Mrs. Spence sends a picture of a good bitch she has; she has at present adults and puppies for sale. As she is going in so strongly for these terriers she is giving up her Golden Retrievers. She



Thos. Fall
LAKELAND TERRIER
The property of Mrs. Spence



RHODESIAN RIDGEBACKS

The property of Mrs. Foljambe

has her stud dog for sale, also some puppies six months old, unhandled, and just ready to break. They are of a very good working strain, also the parents are prize-winners. Mrs. Spence says,

"They are shaping very well," and it is just the age to take them in hand. As Mrs. Spence is giving up, the prices asked are very reasonable indeed.

I mentioned Mrs. Foljambe's Rhodesian Ridgeback a few weeks ago, and now she sends a picture of the young dogs she has for sale. It is an excellent picture as it shows the "whorl" on the dog's back. Mrs. Foljambe is most anxious to get this breed known, and her dogs are of the purest type, which is not easy to get. The Ridgeback was originally a domesticated dog among the Hottentots when he was found by the early Dutch settlers. His origin before that is "wrapt in mystery," but the curious thing is that according to the new "Book of the Dog" there exists a member of the canine race in the island of Phu Quoc in the Indo-China Seas whose distinguishing characteristic is "a curious growth of hair along the back, the hairs pointing forward towards the head." Anyway the Ridgeback is a dog of great character, staunch, and an excellent guard, but at the same



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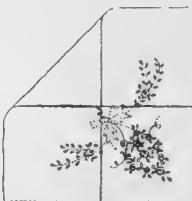
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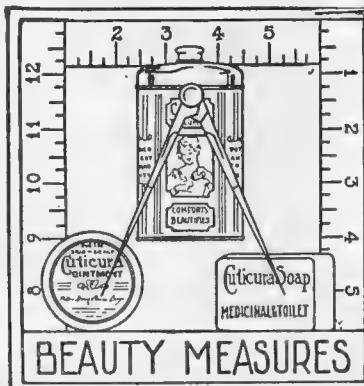
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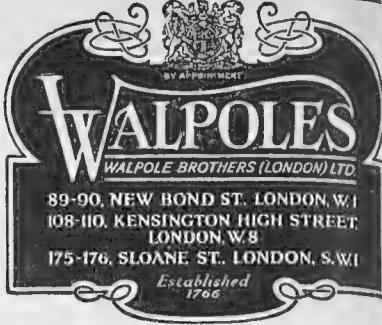
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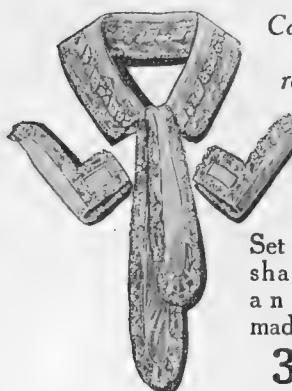


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"But—we can't go on this way—"

"I tell you I'll get even, one way or another."

"Not by stealing, surely."

"For God's sake, don't lecture!" Arthur seized his *topi* and strode out of the room, leaving his wife crushed.

Joan was thoroughly terrified now. Arthur a thief! . . . And yet there was a certain courage about that confession, for he could have hidden the truth from her easily enough. Or was it courage? Perhaps it was defiance. Perhaps he had grown wholly indifferent to her. Whatever the truth, the future now was dark indeed.

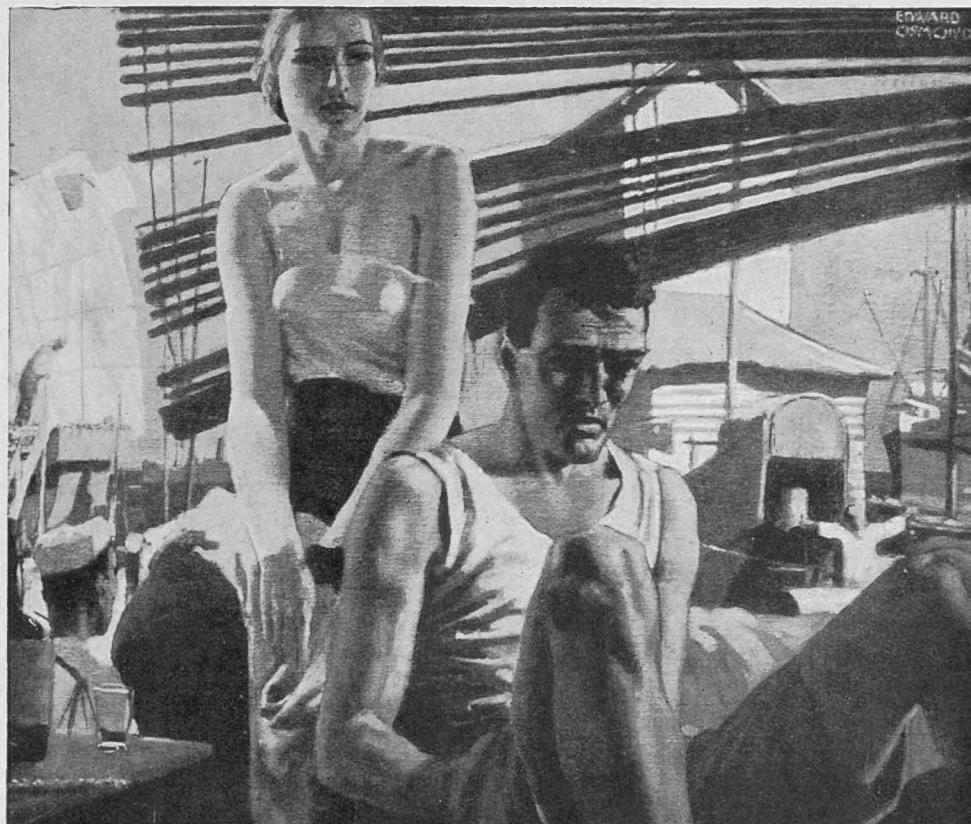
That affair at Roeter's turned out to be only the first of several similar "misfortunes," as Arthur termed them. He and Joan left Singapore finally and drifted to Malacca, then on to Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh and Penang. Crenshaw worked at one thing and another: he tallied cargo, he was a clerk at a tin mine, he recruited labour in *kampongs*, but sooner or later he was always fired, and Joan suspected why.

Husband and wife had fallen steadily in the social scale, of course. The time came when they were considered a menace to the white man's prestige. This was death to Joan, but when she mentioned leaving the East, Arthur flew into a rage and refused to budge.

"Naturally it makes them sore to have me kicking about," he would say. "That's why I lang on. Run me out? Never!"

Not many women would have stuck to a man under these circumstances, but Joan was not the quitting kind. . . .

In "THE BARBARIAN," a story of the poison of the East, by Rex Beach.



"THE BARBARIAN," by Rex Beach.
 "IN THE YEAR OF REVOLUTIONS," by F. Britten Austin.
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All in the Sept. Issue—On Sale Sept. 2ND



Duggie explains—

"Bring the General along and I'll do the rest."

Sir Edward: "By the way, Stuart, I intend bringing General Warmington to see you to-morrow. Will it be convenient?"

Duggie: "I'm always at the service of you and your friends, Sir Edward."

Sir Edward: "The General is in a bit of a dilemma, and his present agent has refused to help him out of it. I told him I thought you would."

Duggie: "May I enquire as to the nature of his trouble?"

Sir Edward: "It appears he spends most of his time yachting, fishing, etc., frequently not touching anywhere for weeks. No letters, 'phones, telegrams or even papers."

Duggie: "A delightful occupation."

Sir Edward: "Yes, but his trouble is that he's awfully fond of his little gamble at racing; been doing it since he was a youngster and wouldn't miss it for worlds."

Duggie: "Quite understandable, though it seems difficult if he's away from 'everywhere.' What does he propose to do?"

Sir Edward: "He wishes to have a bet on the selections of well-known sporting writers as they appear in their respective papers without bothering to send individual instructions. I think at present his favourite is 'Hotspur.'"

Duggie: "You mean he simply wants to name the papers he wishes to follow, the stakes he wishes to invest, and have no further trouble."

Sir Edward: "That's it exactly."

Duggie: "Quite simple, Sir Edward. Bring General Warmington along and I'll do the rest."

Sir Edward: "Splendid! By the way, Stuart, what about the 'Tote'?"

Duggie: "Same terms, Sir Edward: 'No Limit,' 'Tote' or S. P."

"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.